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A GENUINE COLLECTION

Pitt (W.) E. of Chatham

OF THE

SEVERAL PIECES

OF

Political Intelligence Extraordinary, Epigrams, Poetry, &c. that have Appeared before the Public in Detached Pieces;

Now carefully ſelected together in one View, by

AN IMPARTIAL HAND.

" *Thou Fell Provoker of Reproach!*
Party ſhou'd tremble, where a Monarch rules?
There will be Parties; and there muſt be Kings:
And he, who beſt ca[illegible] was form'd to Reign.

HILL's Merope.

Printed for THOMAS BUTCHER Printſeller, in Newgate Street *London* and JOHN RUSSELL Bookſeller, *Guildford Surrey*; and Sold by all Booksellers, in *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

MDCCLXVI.

(Price One Shilling and Six Pence.)

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There will be Parties, and there must be Kings:
And be, who best [illegible] was form'd to Reign.

Hill's Merope.

Printed for Thomas Butcher Printseller, in Newgate Street London and John Russell Bookseller, Guildford Surrey; and Sold by all Booksellers, in London and Westminster.

MDCCLXVI.

(Price One Shilling and Six Pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

Genuine Collection &c.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

By G. Kearſly in Ludgate-Street,

THE Life and Conduct of a late great Commoner.

What a falling off was there!

Shakeſpear.

A Hint.

WHEN Firm, honeſt *Temple* won't ſtand in the Gap,
Weſtern *Will* beware of a Scotch *trap.*

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear that a Suit of fine light *Summer* Luteſtring of the true *Favourite* Pattern, ſo much admired at C———n Houſe and Saint J——s, is now making for the Great Commoner, and in great forwardneſs, It is very *decent* and *becoming*, and is warranted to laſt as long as any of the *ſame Pattern* made for ſome Years paſt.

The Noted Weathercock lately brought from Atterbury is we are informed, placed on the top of the Gateway at Saint James's, At *preſent* it points *due North.*

A Political Litany.

FROM all Monopolizers, Foreſtallers, and Regrators; and from all Want of the neceſſaries of Life; Good Lord deliver us!

From the wicked Craftineſs of Avaritious Men, and from all falſe Weights and Meaſures, Good Lord, &c.

From all encloſing of Commons, from enlarging of Farms, and from all the cauſes of the Dearneſs of Proviſions, Good Lord, &c.

From heavy Taxes and Beggary, from Exciſe Laws and Slavery, and from Popery and all perverſion of thy Word, Good Lord, &c

From the pernicious Votes of venal Boroughs, and from all rioting, Drunkeneſs, and Septenial Perjury. Good Lord, &c.

From long Parliaments, from Placeman and Penſioners, from Bribery and Corruption, and from all proſtitution of Conſcience, Good Lord, &c.

From Pride and Avarice, from Hypocriſy and all falſe Patriotiſm, Good Lord, &c.

From the Promotion and Power of evil Men, from Tyranny and Oppreſſion, and from all the fatal Effects of Favouritiſm, Good Lord, &c.

We beſeech thee O[illegible] that it may pleaſe thee that the convocation of the Clergy may ſit to rule and govern thy Church in the right Way. We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to illuminate all Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons, that they may ſee the horrid Sinfulneſs of ſeeking Tranſlations, of holding Pluralities, of non reſidence, and of purchaſing of Livings. We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to bleſs our Magiſtrates, and give them Grace to put the Laws in Execution againſt all Engroſſers and Foreſtallers of Proviſions.

We

We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to give our great Men a true Love, for their Country, that they may ſeek the public Good, and not their own private Intereſts. We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to bleſs us with an able and upright Miniſtry, and to reſtore Unity, Peace, and Concord to this Nation. We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to bring into the right Way all ſuch as have erred; and that all thoſe who are any ways entruſted by the People may faithfully diſcharge their Duty, We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to give the French a juſt Notion of National Faith, to fulfil and preſerve their Treaties with us, that we may long enjoy the Bleſſings of Peace. We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to give and preſerve from the Hands of Engroſſing Harpies to our Uſe the kindly fruits of the Earth, ſo that in due Time we may enjoy them. We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to Bleſs the Poor with Food, and the Rich with Grace.

We beſeech, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to bleſs the King, and to give his Councellors Wiſdom; to reſtore and ſtrengthen the Rights and Liberties of the People, and the juſt Prerogatives of the Crown.

We beſeech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Epigram on ſome late Diſputes.

IF B—— and B—— can't agree,
Pray, what are their Diſputes to me?
I'll tell you Friend! they join'd together,
To Sell G—— B—— for a Feather.
When Rogues fall out (the Proverb's known)
AN HONEST MAN MAY GET HIS OWN.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

To be diſpoſed of, conſiderably under Prime Coſt,

THE Stock in Trade of a late eminent Patriot, conſiſting of a large Aſſortment of confident Aſſertions, choice Metaphors, Flowery Similies, Bold Invectives, pathetic Lamentations, ſpecious Promiſes, all little the worſe for Wear.

The Reaſon of their being Sold is that the proprietor has retired, and has now no further Uſe for them.

Printed Catalogues, and Notice of the Time and Place of Sale, will ſoon be advertized in this Paper.

Epigram.

LORD, what a Fuſs of late has common Fame
Made of a *Patriot's* loſing his *good Name!*
— From all this Fuſs, a Stranger would have ſwore,
THERE NE'ER HAD HAPPEN'D SUCH A THING BEFORE

P. P. P.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE PITT, a *firſt Rate*, being much damaged in the *Head* in a *late Cruiſe* on the Coaſt of Scotland, is *paid off and laid up at Chatham*, where ſhe is to ſerve as a *Store Ship*.

The Grafton having ſailed on a *ſhort Cruiſe*, was but ill provided: In Order to enable her to keep the Sea a little longer if poſſible, the Townſhend Fly Boat was *preſs'd* into the Service at *Leith*, and ſent after her as a *tender* loaded with Oatmeal.

Copy

Copy of a Letter to WILL the Pilot.

My Dear Son,

YOU have my beſt thanks for again reſuming the Helm, as I well know my Boy will do his Duty, The Captain (whom God preſerve) is a good Man; but alas! how could he Venture to Sea with ſuch a mercenary indolent, ſtupid Crew of Lieutenants and Midſhipmen, who inſtead of turning out Watch and Watch with him were generally running on Shore, Gaming, intriguing, Eating and ſo forth; and if they receiv'd their Pay, the Britannia, with all the honeſt and brave Fellows before her Maſt, might founder, or go to the D—l, for ought they cared. But now it glads my Heart to find, that none but able and diligent Seamen will be taken on board. Pray let the great Cabbin, and all the Births, be kept clear, and as free from Vermin as Poſſible. I hope the Crew will prove Healthy, and as you have long practiced Surgery, let me conjure you to have no concern with Quacks, eſpecially with that Northern One, John Booty; for his curſed Applications have almoſt poiſoned your poor Mother, being always found inadequate to a Cure. My People have ſuffer'd much by Pirates and Freebooters, and if on your Cruiſe you ſhould fall in with the following, let me requeſt that you will give them no Quarter, *Viz.* Harry Reynard, alias All Sides; he carries the Dutch flag, and his hold is painted Jet black. Lawrie Pedlar, alias Commiſſary; his Colours are a Bread Waggon full of Starved Soldiers, and underneath Five hundred thouſand Pounds for M———e P———k. Peter Tyler, alias Paymiſſer, whoſe Enſign is the Portrait of a Child, dragging a Man with a halter about his Neck out of a Well,

Now my dear Will, wiſhing thee a good Voyage, And with my Bleſſing upon the Captain and all his Crew, I remain

Thy moſt Affectionate Mother,
ALBION LOVELY.

Epigram.

SOME Folks ſtill aver,
After this Mighty Stir,
That *P—tt* is become a meer *Bath*:
Says my good Lord of Ch—th—m,
By Jove I'll have at 'em,
And humble them all in my Wrath.
E'en let them complain;
What they ſay is in Vain,
Once more I have got in the *Steerage*:
I'll hug myſelf Cloſe,
As Snug as a Mouſe,
With my *Penſion*, a *Place* and a *Peerage*.

I. S.

Sir.

IT has coſt me many Hours ſerious thinking to what I ſhould liken our preſent K—— and Miniſtry; and at laſt I could find nothing more reſembling them than a Wheelbarrow. You will think my Simile very odd; but it is a very good one when you hear the explanation. The K—— is the Body of it; L—d B—e's two Arms are the Handle; the Wheel is the Duke of N——tle To prove this, the K— is the ſupreme Head and Body of this Kingdom; L—d B—e governs * * *, and turns * * * as he thinks fit; and drives the Duke of N——tle, and his Party, wherever he

he pleaſes: Therefore how pleaſing and agreeable would it be to ſee the Caſe altered; that is, to have the Wheel made into handles, and L—B—'s head to be drove down Tower-Hill inſtead of the Wheel of this Machine. ———

This is the Wiſh of every true

ENGLISHMAN.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear there is in the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed, POPULARITY, a Phantom, addreſs'd in a Letter from the late Earl of Bath, in the Shades, to the Sieur Proteus.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

An EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

London July 30. 1766,

YESTERDAY expired, in a fit of deſperate Frenzy, the once blazing *William Pynſent Eſq*; which Name he lately aſſumed upon the Succeſſion to an Eſtate which was left him by a *Miſtake*. He has for ſome time laboured under a Complication of Luſt of Power and Penſion, Treachery, Ingratitude, Diſapointment, Revenge, and Miſœconomy: But it is thought the immediate Cauſe of his Death was a fracture in his Head, followed with a Delirium, occaſion'd by a Fall from a precipice, where he was ſcrambling for a higher Title, and another Penſion. He was led to this Rock by a Northern GUIDE, in whoſe Conduct he placed more Confidence than in the experienced Affection of a Friend whoſe Prudence and Virtue had

had often ſaved him. He will ſhortly be interred in the uſual State, in the Dormitory of his political Predeceſſors, whoſe Virtues he equalled, and whoſe Examples he has followed. All Ranks of People are in deep diſconſolation for an Accident ſo fatal to the Name of PATRIOTISM, this Event bringing to their Remembrance the like miſerable End of another W. P. of famous Memory, who broke his Neck about 25 Years ago, and was buried in the ſame Grave. What is very remarkable, the deceaſed beſpoke a Shroud for himſelf, trimm'd with Ermine, of the ſame Pattern uſed upon the former Occaſion.

WE hear that a late great Perſonage intends to publiſh an Eſſay on the Art of Sinking into Contempt; alſo, an Ode on the Pleaſures of Unpopularity.

"PITT in his Sovereign's Love had took
ſuch *Root*,
And Bloſſom'd ſo —— Earl Chatham muſt bear
Fruit.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

LAST Thurſday, the Wind blowing freſh at North, the Patriot Pitt, formerly in the Government Service Sunk at Chatham; the Carpenter reports, that her Timber had been much out of Repair, but having been in Chatham Dock and often hove down lately, It was imagined ſhe had been pretty tight again. It is not certainly known how this Accident happened, ſome ſay the

Captain

Captain ſaw a light at Chatham which dazzled his Eyes, others affirm that the Pilot, who was a Scotchman, run him on Shore on purpoſe. She now lies in a miſerable Condition with her head juſt above Water, her upper Works greatly decayed, and it is imagined will be totally loſt.

On a late Event

SHALL P—t, to ſacred Freedom late ſo dear,
Like ſhifting Pultney Sink into a Peer!
Shall Britain's boaſt, the Great, the Good, the Wiſe,
Quit his firm hold, and learn to temporize?
Then Patriot Virtue's but an empty Name,
P—t, G——lle, B—te and B——d, much the ſame.

IT is ſaid, that the late great Commoner has declared that as the whole of his Conduct had been for the Service of his Country, he could not cloſe the Scene of his Actions with more propriety, than accepting of a Peerage, which he hoped would be the Means of quieting the People; for if he had continued in the Houſe of Commons, they would have been in continual Expectation of his ſerving them, which now they never will think of.

The *Apotheoſis* of the Right Hon. — ——

ON Wedneſday laſt, between the Hours of twelve and one o'Clock, died at Saint James the Right Hon. — — late P——r of his M——y's Forces.

He was remarkable for Inconſtancy, Infidelity, and Inſincerity.

Theſe were his Virtues.

He had practiced them ſo long, that there was no Principle which he was not ready to adopt, no Party with which he had not been connected, no Friend whom he had not deceived.

During the Courſe of many high Employments, he had made and unmade ſo many Friends, that he had none left whom he could entnare.

Having been long far beneath the Good, he is now riſen among the Great, condemned to ſuffer the ſevere Puniſhment of being compelled to Act according to the Principles of Honor and Honeſty.

But be it ſaid, to his everlaſting Reputation, that he was ſo free from Superſtition, as never to have ſacrificed to thoſe Deities; and was poſſeſs'd of ſo little Hypocriſy, that he was never known to call to his Aſſiſtance even the ſhadow of either of them, but when driven to it by Cowardice.

De Mortuis nil niſi bonum

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear the Patent is actually paſt the Seals for the Great *Hurlothrumbo*'s being created Lord *Flame*, Viſcount of *Fee faw fum*, and Earl of *Chit-chat-cheatum*.

THE backwardneſs of the Citizens of London to addreſs on the preſent Miniſterial Changes, notwithſtanding the moſt preſſing Solicitations, brings to our Remembrance a ſimilar Circumſtance in Shakeſpear's Richard the third, Where that Monarch thus addreſſes his Favourite Buckingham: — *Well, Couſin, what ſay the Citizens?* Buck. *Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord, The Citizens are* MUM —— Say not a Word.

WE

WE are informed that a Publican at the Weſt end of the Town, famous for the *pompoſity* of his *Sign*, which was a ſuperb one of the late *Great Commoner*, was requeſted, a few Days ſince, by the majority of his Cuſtomers, to *change* it, he ſeem'd very unwilling to comply, alledging, the Great Expence it had coſt him; but reflecting that his Trade would be more profitable than his Ambition, he took the following Expedient: Yeſterday Morning at break of Day he procured the Aſſiſtance of a Smith and a Painter, had the Sign turn'd *topſy turvy*, And this Label painted under the head:

A Trip to all S———s

Which Whim has given general Satisfaction.

LAST Week died, raving mad, the renown'd Lady Popularity: all her Friends and Acquaintance are inconſolable, eſpecially the Lovers of Turbulence, Faction, and Diſcord: her Death was occaſioned by a blow given her in the back of the head by a Scotchman, which fractured her Skull.

Extract of a Letter from Chatham.

A Very extraordinary and unhappy Affair happened here this Day; the Patriot, a Ship that had made ſeveral ſucceſsful Voyages to almoſt every Part of the Globe, that had withſtood many Storms, and was eſteem'd not only to Sail the beſt, but to have the ſoundeſt Bottom in all the Britiſh Navy, Sunk on a Sudden here, to the utmoſt ſurprize and Aſtoniſhment of every Mortal, and broke all to Pieces.

"*N. B.* There was at that Inſtant a Strong Squall of Wind from the North."

IT is ſaid that two of the moſt eminent Publiſhers in Town have offered conſiderable Premiums for the Leaſes of the Houſe on the other ſide of the Way in Fleetſtreet, No. 45, and have already ordered a Device to be painted for their Shop Windows; one is to exhibit the Portrait of the exil'd Patriot, with the Motto *Liberty*; the other the unfortunate Eſſay emblematically repreſented by a Raw-boned Highlander ſetting Fire to a Bundle of Papers with the Motto *Oppreſſion.*

POLITICAL SQUIBS,

MUCH WANTED:

SCANDAL MONGERS of all Kinds to abuſe the new Adminiſtration. Any Gentlemen well verſed in lying, perverting of meanings, making falſe reports, and raiſing of Doubts, will be taken into full Work for the enſuing Year. They muſt be equally able to Whitewaſh the blackeſt Characters out of Power, as to black Ball the faireſt Characters in Power. They muſt have no Scruples of Conſcience about ſetting the Nation together by the Ears. Perſons who have the Fear of the Pillory before their Eyes, or who do not hold the Laws of their Country at Defiance, will not be treated with.

For further particulars, enquire of Mr. Mac Trickum at the Scotch Arms in Knaves Acre; or of little Vamp Bookſeller, at his Scandal Ware-Houſe.

POLITICAL

POLITICAL
INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

IT has been diſcovered that a keen-ſighted and expert Practitioner at a *Mark*, has effected a wonderful *Foreſight*; he is allowed to be the more deſirous and active of all *Mac*'s Creatures, and indefatigable in Scribbling of Letters and Intelligence Extraordinary for the News-Papers. Thus does this popping Spaniel appear in all Diſguiſes; and, tho' now in the Shades, was known a Twelvemonth ago by his two Eyes, and ſuch a front of Braſs, as made him a fit Antagoniſt to that infamous Tool Anti Sejanus. The ſaid little Toad-Eater is a great Favourite and Confident of the famous Mac-Sculk, and is always at hand to give Sculk Intelligence of whatever paſſes from one End of the Street to the other; And as Sculk is extremely envious and malicious, he has commiſſioned his Target Tool to pop and pelt the late great C———r; for Empirics and Impoſtors have an Abhorrence to all Men who are eminent for their Abilities and Integrity.

Pall Mall *Aug.* 2.

P. S. Mac Sculk has another Whelp, that is called Charley, of his own Breed, and very Active; and likewiſe a large Houſe Dog, named Kitchen, that in appearance is very fierce, but won't fight any thing.

BRITONS, beware! The Gods in Judgment Sit,
Approach their TEMPLE, *Shun the Devils* PITT.

WE HEAR there is very lately arrived a Courier from the lower Regions, who brings a congratulatory Letter from the late Earl of Bath to the now created Earl of Ch——m, in which is an Account of a Curious Dialogue that paſſed there between Sarah Dutcheſs of Marlborough and the late Sir William Pynſent.—— Tis to be hoped they will be laid before the public, as it is not doubted but they are very intereſting, and well adapted to the preſent turn of the now undeceived World.

WE hear that the new Chancellor will be applied to for a Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt the Earl of C——m, and that the City of London are to ſue it out. It is imagined there will be ſome Doubts upon the Point of Privileage.

WE hear that an illuſtrious Exile will ſoon apply to the ſaid Court for a Writ of *Intret Regnum*, and that the new appointed Officers are making diligent Search for Precedents.

We hear likewiſe that the ſame Diligence is uſed at the heralds Office, to make out the Pedigree of a Cook Maid, from the ancient Princes of Wales.

It is not doubted, but that in Conſequence of the late ſecret Negociations, the Privy Seal of *Scotland* will ſoon be reſtor'd in full Luſtre to the Right Honourable Stewart Mackenzie Eſquire. If theſe are the firſt fruits of the late Change, The Public may judge what they are to reap from its Harveſt, particularly when the next Alteration takes Place from the ſame b - - f - - - r Motives.

Intelligence Extraordinary.

WE are informed that the Cities of London, Bath, and many other Corporations in this Kingdom intend to ſollicit from the Heirs of a certain *departed Patriot* the *Return* of the *Golden Boxe's*, in which they preſented the Freedoms of their reſpective Corporations to the ſaid Gentleman, before his late *deplorable Deceaſe.*

Epigrams.

THE Commoner took in, and Wilkes Away;
Tis hop'd the Nation will keep holiday.

TRUST not in Man, the holy Scripture ſays,
So Various and uncertain are their Ways;
Theſe Times pronounce the Obſervation true,
For P—tt, the *honeyſuckle*, 's turn'd to *Rue.*

TO turn the Heart of P—tt! ah! who cou'd do it?
None but the Northern Thane, the Mighty B—e!

Epigram.

Plebs ſtupet in titulis, &c.

Or

Engliſh *Commoners* are dazzled with Titles.

MOURN *England*, Old and New — from Shore to Shore —
Your great — great *Commoner* is now no more.
O *Walpole*, vers'd in man! 'twas you foretold,
Each for his Price would ſtill be bought and Sold. ——

Strange!

Strange! that Ambition ſhould itſelf defeat,
And bid a Man grow little to grow great:
'Tis our own Name, which makes our Acts our Own;
Pitt was ador'd —— but *Chatham's* quite unknown.
Eclips'd by titles thus, if patriots be,
Give me for life to keep the Name of *free.*

Intelligence Extraordinary.

THE N—— L—— who now holds the great Seal, upon being aſked if that patent for the E. of C. ſhould be prepared for the S——s, made anſwer, *Ay, Ay, it muſt be ſo, there's no help for it,* but *I'm ſure* there's not a Man in the Kingdom *will like it but himſelf.* The Anſwer correſponds well with the good Senſe and Friendſhip of the N——e Perſon who gave it. But there is a ſmall Miſtake in it; for the Enemies of the *late Commoner,* and the Enemies of their Country, rejoice exceedingly at his Defection; and thoſe who lay in wait for him, triumph in the Succeſs of their Snare; they ſpread a Net for his feet; and he had fallen into the *Pitt* which they dug for him, thank God, he fell *alone.*

It is very remarkable, that the late Commoner, when he came up to to attend the laſt memorable conference, took up his Lodgings at *North End.*

At the Feaſt of the Livery of the Worſhipful Company of F——, on Friday laſt, the Health of a late created Earl was propoſed, which was rejected with an opprobrious interpretation of his *Title.*

We hear that ſuch a ſurprizing light hath juſt now iſſued from the Temple of Liberty at Stowe, as will be of the utmoſt importance in diſcovering the true drift of ſome late ſecret negociations between the Thane and the Patriot; it will, it is ſaid,

ſet

ſet the whole tranſaction in ſo plain and clear a Point of View as the dulleſt Perſon will eaſily diſcern the Policy of the one, and the Patriotiſm of the other.

It is currently reported, that the new virtuous and Patriotic, Adm———n has ſet out in the following Manner, Viz. The E—l of ——— has an Augmentation of 1000 £. per Ann. to the Salary of P—— of the C———, which is raiſed from 4 to 5000£ per Annum. — As a further recompence for his long and faithful Services, he has obtained a reverſion to himſelf for two Lives of the Hanaper Office in Chancery; and if he ſhould be removed before that drops, is to have, what is called in the Terms of Art, a floating or Proviſional Penſion of 4000£ per Annum. His L——p had alſo procured to himſelf a Reverſion for two Lives of the Affidavit Office in Chancery, juſt before he quitted that Court. ——

N. B. All this over and above the Tellerſhip of the Exchequer enjoyed by his Son.

The preſent L —— H. C——— (worthily following ſo great an Example) has, or is to have, a Reverſion of a Teller's Place in the Exchequer for his Son alſo; and if he ſhould chance to loſe the Office he is at preſent inveſted with, before that place falls in, is to be gratified with a Penſion of 2000£ per Annum on the Iriſh Eſtabliſhment.

NO more as a Fool, let Lord B— be pitied,
Since the wiſe Mr. P— he has fairly outwitted.

Exſtracts from an Extraordinary Ode to an Extraordinary Man, on an Extraordinary Occaſion.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
To Love when the Young Squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and Ruin;
Now will, and now will not, comply,
To Raptures now her pulſe beats high,
And now ſhe fears undoing.

But when the Lover with his prayers,
His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
Holds out the proffer'd Treaſure,
She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
And quits her Virtue and good Name,
For Profit mix'd with Pleaſure.

Profit and Pleaſure ſoon are gone,
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone,
To innate Grief and Prey;
Hid in ſome ſolitary Shade,
She d—ns the Hour ſhe was betray'd,
And pines herſelf away.

So P—t, for many Years, the Boaſt
Of England was, and him to toaſt,
Next Church and King, ſeem'd fit,
Each Blooming Maid, and hoary Dame,
Nay every Mouth would trump the Fame
Of much lov'd Patriot P—t.

Admiring Senates round him hung,
And Liberty ſeem'd from his tongue
T'expand with his loud Voice,
Britannia's Sons exulting hail'd
Him, and whate'er he choſe ne'er fail'd,
Still to approve that choice.

But late this virtuous Chief, who long,
By Speech, or Pamphlet, and in Song,
Held Patriotiſm's Steerage,
By Gold o'ercome, the penſion'd train
He join'd, and couching to the Thane,
Now gets himſelf a Peerage.

Whereby thou'ſt loſt, for ever loſt,
Ah, poor Britannia! to thy Coſt,
Thy Hope in him to find;
But ah, fond Wiſh! t'expect a Friend
In him who could ſo low deſcend,
Who thy worſt foe has join'd.

POLITICAL SQUIBS.

IT is determined, that the *Temple* of *Liberty* at *Stowe*, notwithſtanding the *Gawkineſs* of its Structure, ſhall be worn out without being *Butefied.*

On a late Promotion.

THE Court to pleaſe old talking *Will*,
Whoſe tongue was always at 'em,
For ever more to keep it ſtill,
Has made him Earl of C——m.

THE Earl of Bute is now become the firſt Toaſt in all ſenſible and polite Companies.

It is conjectured that the Earl of Bute's politicks, both abroad and at home, will now appear very conſpicuous; that his extricating us from foreign connections will turn out to his Honour: and that

few Months will make appear, who has been the beſt politician for Great Britain, the Earl of Bute, or the now Earl of Chatham.

It is thought, that Mr. Pitt's Acceptance of a Peerage, will once more unite the Engliſh and Scotch on the ſame permanent Foundation, as before the Earl of Bute's coming into Power.

A Queſtion or two to the E— of C ——.

DID not you know, that in accepting a Title (inſtead of deeming yourſelf paid for your Labours by the Ardent love of a whole People) you did an Act the moſt odious and ſhocking to this loving People, that was conceivable?

Now was not it an horrid, and unparallelled Act, to make the importance and conſequence you derived from the love of an unanimous People, ſubſervient to your doing that moſt Shocking Thing againſt them; nay, the only poſſible means of your doing it?

You, who were the firſt, are now the *Laſt* of *Men.*

Epigrams.

IF *George** to prove that *Johnny* did not rule,
Turn'd the proud mortal's Brother out of School,
Our Rulers *now* admitting them again,
Demonſtratively prove they're *Johnny*'s Men.

* George G——ll—e.

Sir Bob

SIR Bob o'ercome a P—lt——y and a S—ds
With honors ſtopt their Mouths, and tied their hands,
But the great Thane has greater Wonders hit,
Having ta'en in the World's late Wonder, P—t.

Epigram on the late W. P.

C———m, no friend to Truth, in Fraud ſincere,
In Act unfaithful, and from Honor clear;
Who broke his Promiſe, ſerv'd his private ends;
Who gain'd a Title, and who loſt all Friends;
Diſhonour'd by himſelf, by none approv'd,
Curs'd, ſcorn'd, and hated, ev'n by thoſe he lov'd.

Counter Epitaph on the late W. P.

C———m, beſt Friend to Truth, of Soul ſincere.
In Action faithful, as in Honor clear;
Who kept his Promiſe, ſerv'd all public Ends;
Who gain'd a Title, yet preſerv'd his Friends:
Scorn'd by the *wicked*, by *juſt Men* approv'd,
And juſtly HONOURED by the State he lov'd.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

Speedily will be publiſh'd

PATRIOTISM. A FARCE, as it has been lately acted, by his Majeſty's Company of *Comedians* at the Theatre ROYAL.

A Squib Major, alias a Rocket.

A Rocket, the true Court Machine
To grace ſome happy Day,
High Blazing in the Air was ſeen,
Then bounc'd and fell away.
Ah P—t! ſhall I not thee compare
To this alluring Toy?
Thy *Virtue*'s loſt in empty Air,
Thy *Fame* is *Feu de Joy*.

Epigram.

THE Roman Tully held to Death the Taſk;
St. Stephen's Tully Skulk'd behind the Maſk.

WE hear that the Keys of the Monument were delivered to a well known Member of the common Council, in Order to its being illuminated; had the late great *Commoner* as such, accepted a Place in the new adminiſtration! but ſince his extraordinary Defection a Motion has been made in a certain Committee, to cover the blaze of that Noble Figure with *black Cloth*, as a Teſtimony of the City's concern for the entire loſs of him whom they too fondly eſteem'd the chief Supporter of the Liberties of great Britain.

We hear that a Subſcription will ſhortly be opened in Edinburgh, in Order to erect a Statute to the honour of the Earl of B— for his ſucceſsful endeavours in uniting the Scotch and Engliſh, by the happy and unexpected revolution he has lately brought to paſs in the Adminiſtration.

It is ſaid that a Stop is put to the making of a Statue, which was intended to be erected to the honor of a great Perſonage.

ADVERTIZEMENT.

LOST OR MISLAID

TWO Ounces and a half of *Popularity*, wrapp'd up in an old City addreſs. Whoever has found the ſame, and will bring it to Ephraim Dingle Dangle, at the luminated Houſe near *North End*, ſh ll be rewarded with an Old Black Maſk, a pair of Old Crutches, and the Shoe part of an Old Jack Boot.

The QUAKER's Advice *to the late* G—- C———

FRIEND P— thou hadſt better the Honors deny'd,
Than thus to be laugh'd at as new *Buteſi'd.*

Lately publiſhed

Price Six-pence

A New Print, on a New Occaſion of new Wonders, called the Patriot unmaſked or, the double Penſioner; being a Bully Pynſent's laſt Shift.

To be had at the Beehive oppoſite to Northumberland Street in the Strand, and of all the Print and Bookſellers in great Britain, Ireland, and Colonies.

N. B The Contented Stateſman by deſire, will be publiſhed on Monday next.

'Tis falſe! he *is not fallen from what* He *was.*

THO Snarling Critics, void of Wit,
Attack the Virtuous, Upright Pitt,
Striving to wound his Fame;
Honor and Juſtice, Truth confeſt,
Still actuates his Steady Breaſt ——
Such may he ſtill remain.

Libertas.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear, that when all the Wits and Demi Wits of this great Metropolis have thoroughly vented all their little Silly Rage and Malevolence againſt the late great Commoner, (but now *illuſtrious Peer*) they will then begin to look into their own honeſt Boſoms; And if they have any Senſe of feeling for the true Glory and Proſperity of their King and Country, or poſſeſs any Degree of Shame for the Wrong they may Commit, they will dread Remorſe, or, at leaſt, bluſh for their precipitate Cenſures and Judgments of ſo great a Character, who ſo often before has been cenſured for Advice and Conduct, that afterwards proved moſt ſalutary and Glorious.

Epigram.

SOME ſay, that B—e made P—t a Peer,
To rob him of his Fame;
It *may* be ſo; it don't appear;
Nor do I heed a Name.
One certain Truth I dare proclaim,
By all is clearly known,
B—e may deſtroy P—t's honeſt Name,
But never raiſe his own. C. M.

POLITICAL

Political Intelligence Extraordinary.

SEveral Meſſages were ſent to prevent a late extraordinary Publication, but no Terms will be liſten'd to.

Speedily will be ſold, for the Benefit of his Majeſty's Subjects, the only true *Court Elixir*, a *Grand Specifick*, for the Cure of the *Gout*. To be had of the noted high German Doctor, Baron Van Pynſent, at his Seat near Chatham.

Alſo prepared by the ſame Hand, the *Pilula Aurata*, or *right Royal Bolus*, *double Gilt*, being an admirable Remedy for all perſons afflicted with a volubility of Tongue, and of *ſovereign* uſe long ſince in curing that feveriſh Diſorder of the Mind, called Patriotiſm.

N. B. Both theſe Remedies are marked with the Doctor's own *Privy Seal*, and all other's who pretend to Sell them muſt be counterfeits.

Wanted by a great Perſon, lately advanced to a Peerage, a *new ſet of Coach Horſes*, that are *tractable* and eaſy to guide.

Scotch Greys will be moſt approved of. Enquire as above.

Britannia's Ghoſt
To a late Great Man.

WHILE C——m, ſeeking ſoft Repoſe,
His downy Pillow preſt;
Freſh Horror in his Soul aroſe,
And further baniſhed Reſt.

For lo! Britannia by his Side,
All Ghaſtly, Pale, and Wan!
Thus, in deep doleful Accent cry'd,
O baſe perfidious Man!

How can'ſt thou hope that balmy Sleep
Should cloſe thy guilty Eyes!
Whilſt all Britannia's Sons muſt weep
Her fall'n ——— thy Sacrifice!

Long had ſhe truſted to thine Aid,
Againſt her Boſom Foe;
Depending on the Vows you made
To Word the fatal Blow.

Hence ſhe each Traitor had ſuppreſs'd,
Or boldly had defy'd;
Till, leaning on her Guardians Breaſt,
His treach'rous Arms ſhe ſpy'd.

How couldſt thou ſwear, Wealth, *Titles*, Power,
Thy Candour would'ſt diſclaim;
Yet barter, in an evil Hour,
That Candour for a *Name?*

How could'ſt thou win my eaſy heart,
A Patriot to believe?
How could I know but by the Smart,
A Patriot would *deceive?*

Bethink thee of thy broken Truſt,
Thy Vows to me unpaid;
Thy Honor humbled in the Duſt,
Thy Countrys Weal betray'd!

For this may all my Vengeance fall
On thy devoted Head!

Living

Living be thou the ſcorn of all!
The Curſe of all when dead!

Sir C. H. W.

Epigram.

BY Stern Contempt of Titles, ſaid the Sage,
The Patriot few are known in every Age;
A late Example but invert's the Rule,
—— grows a Lord, and ſinks into a Tool.

Plebs.

" AND is *this* he; the Man ſo late renown'd,
" Whom Virtue honour'd, and whom
" Glory crown'd!
" *This* the fam'd chief, of every Tongue the
" Praiſe,
" Of Greece the Wonder, and of Crowds the
" Gaze?

Suppoſed to be ſpoken by Liberty.

GReat Pitv! that Citys renowned for their Wit,
Had not Wiſdom to fathom the Depth of a
Pitt;
For had they foreſeen that my Cauſe he'd have Sold,
They'd have ſav'd all their Boxes of Oak and of
Gold.

To the Printer.

IF for A you write 1, and for B you write 2,
And ſo on with the reſt of the Alphabet thro',

So ſure, Mr. Printer, as you are alive,
You'll find the Word Pitt will make juſt 45.
Enough, Boy.

Intelligence Extraordinary.

IT is reported, that a principal Cauſe of the preſent Diſagreements ſubſiſting between two late popular and noble Relations, was occaſioned by one of them twice peremptorily charging the other with having been in ſecret Conference with a certain very unpopular Nobleman: And it is further reported, that upon the latter's being the ſecond time charged therewith, he was ſo irritated, that he inſiſted upon the former's quitting his Preſence, at the ſame time declaring, had not the Perſon who thus charged him, been a near Relation, he would have reſented the Affront in a quite different Manner.

It is ſaid, that as ſoon as the honourable Henry Grenville heard the ill treatment his Brother Earl Temple had met with in the late negociation for a change of Miniſters, he directly reſigned unknown to that noble Lord; And it is alſo ſaid he will be elected a Member of Parliament for the Town of Buckingham, in the Room of the honourable James Grenville, now one of the joint Vice Treaſurers of Ireland.

MOURN, Albion mourn, the wretched Change deplore;
In Chatham buried, William Pitt's no more!
B—, thou arch foe to Freedom and her Friends,
At length thy ſubtle Craft has gain'd its Ends.
Divide and *Govern* is thy Maxim ſtill;
Lo! *Diſcord* flies, ſubſervient to thy Will,

Whirling

Whirling her brand of blue ſulphureous flame,
And PITT and TEMPLE, are no more the ſame.
O PITT, thou Prince of Patriots! ah! how
chang'd!
Now with a STEWART, by a STEWART, rang'd;
Scap'd from the wiles of a quinquenial ſnare,
But caught at laſt, Although the Hook was bare,
BUTE hands thee in, MACKENSIE by thy Side,
Diſplays *his* Private Seal, with publick Pride.
Triply exalted, penſioned, titled, plac'd,
Thy heart yet whiſpers, " PITT thou art abus'd!
PYNSENT hath murder'd faith, all faith is o'er
With CHATHAM therefore; PITT finds faith no more
Think how, purſuing Freedom's ſteady Plan,
And Call'd by BUTE, the *impracticable Man*;
Maſter of all that Virtue e'er deſired,
Thy Country lov'd thee, and her foes admir'd!
Then think how, (triumph plum'd upon his brow)
He boaſts to have found thee *practicable* now!
E're while thy Country's Pride ſupport, and Joy,
Thou'ſt loſt thine Honor, and haſt gain'd a toy,
Can the Vain Title Solid Bliſs afford?
Do thine Ears tingle at the name of LORD?
Reflect how much thy Glory ſhone more clear,
In *Stephen's Chapel*; there thou hadſt no Peer!
Shall not the Weight of TEMPLE bear thee down,
While conſcious firmneſs animates his frown?
Shall not *unpenſion'd* LYTTLETON purſue,
Unclogg'd by *one*, th' incumber'd Slave of *two?*
O Shame to Patriotiſm! her Name is grown
A Butt for Laughter; PYNSENT's *price* is known!
Yet ſtill remains ſome honeſt hearts, and hands,
To raiſe her Standard — TEMPLE! leads the Bands!
Till on THE FAVOURITE'S Stubborn Neck thou
tread
And Cruſh to atoms his deteſted head.

N. C. M. S. C.

Quere

QUERE. Whether the late great Commoner reſign'd his Penſion of £. 3000 a Year, when he accepted the *ſine cure* of Lord Privy Seal.

Epigram.

UNHAPPY ****! ſevere, tho juſt, thy Lot!
By Foes neglected and by Friends forgot.
No more ſhall Senates hang upon thy Tongue,
And hail thee Freedom's firmeſt, trueſt Son;
No more at Turtle Feaſt thy Fame ſhall Sound,
Nor common Council quaff thy Name around.
Ill fated *Bath*! to Court a Victim made;
By *Earl*'s Disgraced, by *Commoners* betray'd.

On a late PROMOTION.

LIKE Pulteney, P— a Peerage takes,
The Patriot now a Fox is;
But ſince his Friends he thus forſakes,
Sure he'll return our Boxes. Civis.

The PROPHECY of NEW COALITION.

SAYS the Thane, one Day in his Cloſet confin'd,
Tho to humble my foes my Power is too ſmall,
Yet old Nick and I, when our Forces are join'd,
Shall ſoon be a Match — and too hard for them all.
On this firm baſis I may ſafely depend,
For Satan to Tories is always a Friend;
Our Plots and our Parties wou'd all be awry,
Shou'd we loſe ſo faithful and great an Ally

Says

Says Satan, my Son, of thy Plot I'll take Care,
The firſt of thy Foes ſhall be caught in a Snare.

Extempore on the Report of the Death of Mr. Wilkes, in exile at Paris.

WHEN Wilkes! a Name to Patriot's ever dear!
(Ye ſons of Freedom! drop a grateful Tear!)
Firſt heard that P—t *Apoſtate* was become,
He trembled for his Country's fatal Doom.
Grief ſtopt the Current of his Blood - He tried
To ſtem the dreadful Shock in vain,— and died.

J. S.

Another.

WHAT Dunn by force, nor M—n could by Art,
That P—t has done; for Chatham broke his heart.

CORNUBIENSIS.

EPIGRAM.

'TIS too apparent, in this Age of Vice,
How true the maxim, "each Man has his *Price*;"
A late Tranſaction leaves no Room to doubt
Bid *up* to *that*, No Patriot *can* hold out.

A. Z.

We

WE are told, that the Great Commoner, being viſited by a certain Magiſtrate of this City, ſince his Acceptance of a Peerage, and being informed by him of the Senſe of the Citizens on that Occaſion, Aſſured him, that the People ſhould find, his Accepting a Peerage ſhould not alter his Conduct, or in the leaſt abate his Zeal for the Service of the People.

IN a very Polite Company, where ſome celebrated Ladies were preſent, at the Crown at Rocheſter, the firſt Toaſt drank after Supper was Lord Bute. After which the following Epigrams (Originals) were repeated, as apro-pos to the times.

Ye Cits, who with your Wives and Daughters,
Seek Health and Eaſe at Margate Waters,
Or dive 'till you come at'em;
— Sure you miſtake the Matter quite —
Let me, for once, direct you right,
— Your only *Pitt*'s at *Chatham*.

T'WIXT Miniſters, you aſk, in what
The Difference doth Appear?
— This — Walpole only tax'd the Pot;
But Patriot Pitt — the Beer.

NO Letters more full or expreſſive can be,
Than the once ſo reſpectable W. P.
The firſt points to Wander, War, Wiſdom, & Will;
The laſt points to Peerage, to Penſion, to Pitt.
Nor Friend or Foe to W. P.

IF you my Sentiments will hear,
I cannot think it bode's well,
To make *the Commoner* a Peer,
And turn out honeſt D—dſw—ll.

EPIGRAM.

HOW things do ſtrangely turn about!
The People get P— in the Steerage:
The Patriot then pl-gu'd with the Gout,
Gives up the People for a Peerage.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

FROM Paris we hear, that a certain Engliſh Exile reſiding there, receiv'd ſo great a Shock at the unexpected news of the untimely Death of one of his chief Friends on this ſide of the Water, that it threw him into ſuch Fits it was thought he could not live, which was the occaſion of the late Report of his Death. The Strange and unaccountable Death of his Friend ſomewhat reſembled Eliſha's; for he was lifted up on high in the Fiery Chariot of Ambition, drawn by the Fiery Courſers Pride and Avarice: he is now buried, or rather ſuſpended, in the tainted Atmoſphere of a certain Court, with a Patent ſealed with a P—y S— lying on his heart, and a Coronet on his Head; the Luſtre of which ſo dazzled him, that he became quite blind a little before his Death. —— *Memento Mori.*

THirteen Months ago the Miniſtry was called a Summer Suit; however, it laſted above a twelvemonth without its Reputation being worn

thread-bare: but it is now whiſpered, and even publickly inſinuated, that the preſent Miniſtry will prove a Dog Day or at moſt only an Autumnal Suit. ——— *Time is a tell tale.*

A Dialogue between Ralph and Hodge.

Ralph.

ADzooks! Maſter Hodge, you are welcome to Town. ——
How fares all our Friends in the Weſt?
Is Cicily alive, and Thomas and Joan,
And Margery and Kate and the reſt?

Hodge.

Aye, Aye, they're all well, and deſires their love,
And good Wiſhes to you and to Aunt; ——
But I heates to be plagued with their Nonſence above
All things but this curſed long jaunt.
I longs for the News — Is 'Squire Wilkes come to Town?
May we hope to be guided by P—t
We're hugely diſmay'd to hear 'un run down —
Zouns; I thought the Town folks had more Wit,

Ralph.

As to Wilkes, my Old Friend, he remains where he was;
And as to his Friends — why plague rat 'em
But poor Squire P—t (*all Fleſh is but Graſs*)
Lies decently buried in *Chatham*.

Advice

Advice to Lord T——'s Friends.

YOU intend Lord T—— ſhould replace to us, the loſt and much lamented Mr. Pitt. Now Pitt's great Uſe to us was, that he could with great Spirit and Eloquence, lead the Houſe of Commons, in the Paths of Honour, and Glory, to his Country. I adviſe you then to get an Act of Parliament to enable Lord T—— to Sit in the Houſe of Commons, and then let him be taught to ſpeak well, for he ſpeaks at preſent wretchedly.

Intelligence Extraordinary.

IT is ſaid that the Em——r of a certain Northern Potentate has ſignified his Maſter's intire Approbation of the late Changes in the B——h M——y, and that nothing gives him greater Pleaſure than to find the late great Commoner in the Cabinet. This happy Event has diffuſed Gladneſs among all his Officers, and has likewiſe raiſed the drooping Spirits of all the hungry Princes of G——y.

Lost *ſuppoſed to be Stolen by a* Scotchman.

A Patriotic Mask, decorated with many fine flowers of Rhetoric, and ſet round with Tropes, long ſounding Words and Similies. Whoever ſhall find it and bring it undamaged, to a quondam *Great Commoner*, ſo that he may wear it again, ſhall receive a Gouty Shoe and an Old pair of Crutches for his Pains.

An Epitaph on the ſudden Deceaſe of a late Man.

HERE lies interr'd, never to riſe again,
The Rabble's Idol, and the Courtiers Pain;
He died, alas! as Poulteny died before,
Never to riſe a Britiſh Patriot more;
But mourn not Britons, though your Pitt is dead,
You're got an Earl of Chatham in his Stead.

Jack Tarpaulin.

Epigram.

WHEN Pitt for Liberty held forth,
All Britain, conſcious of his Worth,
His Firmneſs boaſt, his Virtues tell,
He talk'd them o'er ſo very well:
Now they're diſpleas'd, I wonder at 'em,
That he's created Earl of Chat'em.

Marche Caverne.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

AN *En Paſſant* How d'ye, at a Lady's Rout, near the Stable Yard, on Sunday Evening laſt —— "You have borne too hard upon your *noble* Brother in law, my Lord, to countenance ſuch a Revelation of Secrets as has been made to the World laſt Week." "Not ſo my good Lord Duke, the love due to Relations is ever juſtly ſuperſedeable by the love of our Country, the love of Truth, and the Love of ones own Honor."

"What do you think, my Lord (ſaid a Gentleman to a noble Peer one Day this Week) of the Miniſtry as it *now* ſtands? "I look upon it, Sir (replied his Lordſhip) as an *inſect* Adminiſtration" "How! my Lord! Pray explain yourſelf" "Why, Sir,

Sir, take my Word for it, in its preſent State, it is no longer lived than a *Butterfly*."

TO *Stowe*'s fair Village *Temple* took his Way,
E'er he by B— was, P—t like led aſtray;
May he, unſhaken at each Scotchman's Nod,
Pour out his Talents for his Country's Good;
Liberty, Cautious, doubting where to go,
Earl *Temple* ſaw and fix't her Seat at *Stowe*.

Scene Blackheath.

AUGUST advanced! Pynſent beware,
For now the Dog-Star rages;
The Canine breed more hot appear,
(Madneſs, no Reaſon 'ſwages)
Stand off my Friends, ſee how they run!
How foam and pant! — odd rat 'em,
All open Mouth (nor danger ſhun
To rend the Heart of Chatham.
Whoſe Whelps are they? are Ah doth diſpute!
Their Yelping, Speaks ſo plain, Sir,
A Scurvy Pack, kennel'd by B—te,
Of genuine Scottiſh Strain, Sir.
Be ſtedfaſt, Friend, (keep them in view,)
Their Heat will ſoon be over
If to the Patriot Syſtem true,
You'll cruſh both Sang and * Rover &c. &c.

* Spain and France and all the Enemies of our happy Conſtitution.

THE General Toaſt in the City now is "May the Earl of Chatham retain the Integrity of Mr. Pitt.

We

WE are informed, that a City Rector, who lately preached before a Livery Company, took Occaſion in giving the Character of a real Patriot, to lament in a pathetic Manner the ſuppoſed Defection of a late celebrated Commoner from thoſe Glorious, Patriotic Principles, which had gain'd him ſuch juſt and univerſal reſpect from every well Wiſher to the Laws and Conſtitutions of this free, independent Kingdom. —— As the Great Man here meant has yet done nothing to forfeit the good Opinion of the Public, ſo it is yet hoped, that by his Steady Perſeverance in thoſe Glorious Principles, which firſt gain'd him the univerſal Applauſe he ſo juſtly merited, the impartial Public will thereby be fully convinced, that thoſe injurious Reports, ſo induſtriouſly propagated by his ſworn Enemies, againſt his Character, are without the ſmalleſt Foundation.

We hear the Corporation of the City of Bath have receiv'd a letter from the late great Commoner, but the Contents are a profound Secret.

An Elegy on the late Right Hon. W—— P— Eſq;

THIS Writer treats the late Acceptance of a Peerage with great Severity, as may in Part be ſeen by the following ſhort Extracts,

Where the dull Slave, or Sycophant confeſt,
Erects on Guilt his Coronetted Ear;
Or hides his native turpitude of Breaſt,
Beneath the venal Dazzlings of a Star;

No Conſcious Bluſh compels the Cheek to glow,
The Brow no mark of Wonder will diſplay ;
For Fools we ſee are always caught by Shew,
And e'er find that Villains will betray.

But where's the firſt in fame's immortal round,
Charm'd with the Gew Gaw's taſcinating Glare ;
Exchange intrinſic Character for Sound,
And baſely barter Liberty for Air ;

Their very worth contraſted with their fall,
A New Diſgrace inevitably ſheds ;
Gives the Keen Curſe accumulated Gall,
And drags down wider Vengeance on their heads.

* * * * *
* * * *

O ! Pynſent, what had empires to beſtow,
That e'er thy worth or Character could raiſe,
Teach Wond'ring Worlds more gratefully to glow,
Or add a ſingle Particle of Praiſe ?

Did not whole Senates hang upon thy Voice,
And Suppliant Climes Sollicit thee for Laws ;
Nay, did not fame, Obedient to the Choice,
Still give the Wreath as thou would'ſt give Ap-
plauſe ;
Say could Ambition's moſt exalted Sire,
Miſguided Man ! be gratified with more
Than Awe ſtruck Senates always to admire,
And ecchoing Realms to wonder and adore ?

What then, quite withering on the Stalk of Age.
Diſeas'd, emaciate, ſinking in the Grave ;
Cou'd drag thee now to totter on the Stage,
Or load the wretched Skeleton with Slave ?

Trembling

Trembling on Life's moſt miſerable Verge,
Nay, even now juſt numb'ring with the Dead;
Why wou'd thou thus in infamy immerge,
And Pluck a Kingdom's Curſes on thy Head?

That Kingdom too, whoſe ever grateful Eyes,
Thy Matchleſs Worth ſo tenderly could ſee,
That Scarce ſhe breath'd an Accent to the Skies,
But what was wing'd with beniſon's for thee.

Epigram.

RETract, wiſe King, on Britain's Iſle look down,
Under the Sun a Wonder thou muſt own:
Holles, a Penſion Spurning, Yeilds a Place;
Pitt, Penſion'd, titled Pitt, ſucceeds his Grace.

True Nobility

Addreſſed to the Earl of Chatham.

THO from his Birth no mean Applauſe
Briton's lov'd chief may juſtly claim,
Yet, from his own fair Acts, he draws
A nobler Title to his Fame.

The noble Arms, the proud deſcent,
The Creſt, their great forefathers gave,
Are Pageants all, and are vainly lent,
Unleſs they make the Son more brave.

From Noble Veins the Blood that flows
To their great Race, a Glory gives;
But he that on himſelf beſtows
A Fame, the greateſt hero lives.

To the PEOPLE

On their ſuſpicion of the late GREAT COMMONER.

JUDGE not in haſte, but wait, and ſee
Whether his Actions are amiſs!
Applaud, if good his Conduct be;
If not, why then's the time to hiſs.

An Apology for Mr. P—

THE Tories 'od rat 'em
Abuſe my Lord Ch——m,
For what —— for commencing a Peer?
But is it not hard
He ſhould loſe his Reward,
Who has purchas'd a Title ſo dear?

In every Station
Mr P— Served the Nation,
With a noble diſdain of her pelf:
Then where's the great Crime,
When he ſees a fit time,
If a Man, ſhould for once, *ſerve himſelf.*

A Popular great Commoner, *an unpopular* LITTLE PEER.

—— "Eheu! Quanto mutatus ab illo?"

P—t's evil genius whiſper'd in his Ear:
"Wou'd you, great Sir, the helm of Kingdoms and of nations ſteer?
"Wou'd you to *Britain*'s Sons your Name were ſtill more dear?
"Drop not thy Penſion —— take a place —— go forth a Peer.

" Would'ſt thou thy Name o'er *Scotia*'s Plains extend,
" Would'ſt thou thy Praiſes to its utmoſt Confines ſend ?
" Let the Th-ne's Brother rule with heavy Arm,
" (Vain without Knowledge, and to Folly only firm :)
" Let him the Brave deſpiſe, the good contemn,
" And Stately lord it o'er theſe venerable Men ;
" Then of new Fame thou ſhalt lay in full Store,
" And *Patriot* P—t again rebound from Shore to Shore.
Thus ſpake the fiend, with guileful Tongue, and Sly ;
(T'was B—e that bade him on his Errand fly ;)
The Stateſman heard ; and accuſtomed to deceit,
Thought the Advice was honeſt —— meant to ſerve the State ;
Obey'd the Counſels of this evil One :
Did as he bade ; and Ch——m was undone.

The Earl an Ode

Imitated from Horace.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides Gazes, &c.

L. 1. Od. 29.

MY Lord ! *Great Commoner* no more ;
You number your new Titles o'er,
Earl, Viſcount, P-nſ-nt, Ch-th-m :
Before you your ſupporters ſet,
Your Ermine Robes, and Coronet,
And Gaze in Raptures at 'em.

What

What Servile Bard ſhall greet your Ear
With the enchanting Sound of *Peer?*
Delightful Name to mention!
What Chaplain ſhall inform Mankind,
With how much Virtue you have joyn'd
A *Title* to a *Penſion?*

Who can unroll the Book of Fate,
And tell what Miniſters of State
May govern this great Nation?
Where is the Prophet can diſcloſe,
What ſtrange Materials may compoſe
Some new Adminiſtration?

Jacob Henriques, born to guide,
At privy Council may preſide,
And rule the Common Weal:
Hill, Secretary we may ſee,
Derrick, Lord Chamberlain may be,
And Buckhorſe Privy Seal:

Since you, once emulous of Fame,
Have meanly bartered your good Name
For Scorn, Contempt, and Raillery;
Broke every Promiſe you have made,
And Shamefully together laid
The PITT and UPPER *Gallery.*

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear that the Right Hon. — J——G——— has found no Benefit from Bath, and that the B———d of A———y are ordered to Briſtol, for a Conſumption.

It is reported, that the Earl of Chatham has

Sprain'd his Ancle ſo much, by a falſe Step, that he cannot now draw on a Boot.

It is Currently reported, that a great plan of Northern Alliances, is framing, *defenſive* with reſpect to Ruſſia and Pruſſia, and *Offenſive* to the People of England.

We hear that ſeveral Perſons from the City, were yeſterday at Saint James, to ſee two very uncommon *Seals*, which were thrown up by the late Political Storm.

On a quondam GREAT Commoner.

A Patriot, that ſo firmly ſtood,
The Britiſh Annals do not mention,
Who, merely for the People's good,
Took Peerage, Places, and a Penſion.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE have the Pleaſure to inform our Readers, that beſides *the many other great Advantages* accruing to this Nation, by the late great Commoner's accepting a *Place and a Peerage*, it has proved the happy Means of relieving an incredible Number of indigent Authors of all Degrees, from the higheſt down to the loweſt Grub Street Writers, who, from living on the Spare Diet of Contemplation, now frequently enjoy the Pleaſure of eating a comfortable Meal of roaſt Beef and Plumb Pudding, and of enlivening their Wits w th ambroſial Porter and noble Gin; for which great Bleſſings they are ſo grateful, that they have reſolved to ſhame the Citizens for their ingratitude, by an Addreſs of thanks

to

to his M——y, for his being graciouſly pleaſed to reward *the ineſtimable Services of a great Patriot*, by which he has gratified the Univerſal Deſire of his (till not unhappy People, and furniſh'd a Number of *Uſeful and loyal Subjects* (which Authors muſt be allowed to be) with the means of procuring a comfortable Livelyhood. And, as frequent Changes in the Miniſtry, furniſhes food both for Mind and Body, theſe Gentlemen will, at the ſame time, petition his M——y to change the Adminiſtration once in every three Months, which beſides the above Signal, And many other Advantages, will, in a great Meaſure, if not entirely, preclude Corruption, as the ſhortneſs of the Time will not permit it to gain Ground, nor will ſuch a Cuckoo Miniſtry have any great Temptation to encourage it.

Political Intelligence Extraordinary.

WE hear that among the ſeveral excellent Plans propoſed to be adopted by the new Adminiſtration, is the repeal of every Cuſto n Law, in order to the introduction of a *general Exciſe*, upon the Model of Sir Robert Walpole, in 1733, whom they ſo much admire and imitate.

A few Days before Lord R———m ſet out for Yorkſhire, the Earl of C——m waited upon his Lordſhip at his Houſe in Groſvenor Square, and was refuſed Admittance.

Yeſterday a Diſpute happened between two Coal heavers, concerning Mr. Pitt's Conduct; One of them inſiſted that 'twas juſtifiable, the other the contrary; upon which a Battle enſued, and Mr. Pitt's Advocate would have certainly gained the

the Battle, had not a drunken Sweep, for whom the Spectators readily made way, laid about the Combatants heads with his Sooty Bags in ſuch a Manner, as to make them as incapable of determining the Fight, as the Argument.

Epigram.

IN Spite of haughty Bourbon's Union,
Or Superſtitious Rome's Communion,
Shou'd they dare brave us, we'd ſoon at' em,
Inſpir'd by Grafton, Granby, Chatham.

IT is ſaid a late great Commoner has already given his Opinion, that all miniſterial influence at next General Election ought to be laid aſide, and to allow the Electors to choſe for themſelves, as he had oft found from experience they were the moſt rational Judges of their Repreſentatives.

Notwithſtanding the Precipitate reſolutions of the Colonies, to erect a Statue of the late Mr. Pitt in every one of them ſeveral Gentlemen well acquainted with the Americans, are now making Betts in Town, of one hundred Guineas to twenty, that Lord Chatham's Statue will not be erected on that Continent; and yeſterday a Bett was made at Arthur's, of two hundred Guineas to twenty.

IT is ſaid that Lord T——s indigeſtion of ſome late Offers, proceeds from a defect in the *Cotes* of his Stomach.

It is now believed, that the Earl of Chatham is reſolved to deſtroy the Family Compact

It is purpoſed to any eminent Arithmetician, to compute whether the G——lle family could have made a Recompence to the public, for the ill effects of their Union, by any other Method than their preſent diſagreement ?

It is ſaid that the Marquiſs of G——, late Commander in Chief in Germany, the deciſive opponent of General Warrants, and the new Convert of Lord C—— is grown ſo weak, from his long and different Services, that he requires a *Staff* to keep him *ſteady*.

This is to give Notice,

That if any honeſt Man will leave his Friends, his Family, and his connections, he will meet with very good encouragement at the great Houſe, the Patriot's Head in Bond Street.

N. B. No Character is required, provided he aſks no Queſtions. If he can leave his feelings alſo behind him, the better.

Ship News.

ARrived in the Channel from the Straits, the Pitt *Man of War*, with the *Trade* under Convoy, *Viz.* the Rochfort, Captain C——y ; the Saint Cas, Captain Shelburne ; the Modeſte, Captain Barry ; the Conſtant, Captain T———d ; and all the homeward bound. They are all at the King's Moorings The Pitt parted with the Firme, Captain T———e, in a hard Gale of Wind, and made the beſt of her Way for King's Road. They were

were ſaluted by all the Ships in the Harbour. The Pitt, it is ſaid has made ſo much Water, that Orders are given to lay her up at Chatham.

Juſt come in, the independent, Captain Cam——n under *Jury* Maſts.

The Cock and Owl a poetical Fable.

A Cock who long had rul'd the roaſt,
And fill'd with Honor every Poſt
I'th feather'd monarchy,
Was by his Royal Maſter grace'd
To be a Lord, and highly place'd,
For Patriot Loyalty.

This Cock once led the Village Band,
But now, alas, by High Command,
No more his Voice is heard;
That Voice which once his Watches Sung
So ſweet, ſo loud, the Village rung,
And ev'ry Heart was chear'd.

But now my Lord has chang'd his Seat,
And finds himſelf in a Retreat,
Near to a Deſart Dark;
There Envy, with her Serpents train,
All Day with horrid Monſters Reign,
All Night the Jackall's bark.

His Lordſhip, long with State oppreſt,
Here fondly thought to be at reſt ——
How great was his Miſtake?
Each Day, abuſes loud he'll find,
Creatures of Night are all combin'd,
And Strive his reſt to break.

An Owl, who on a neighb'ring Perch,
For Prey, or Shelter came in Search,
Was poring in the Dark;
The Owl his Lordſhip thus addreſt,
Should you and I now change our Neſt,
The Jackall's ſtill would bark.

Then Sleep, my Lord, and take your Reſt,
Supreme Content will ſuit 'em beſt,
Theſe Curs all bark for hire:
Let Calm repoſe your Senſe o'ertake,
Now nod with me —— before you wake
Th' ungrateful Crew will tire.

CHatham's a Title, Stedfaſt Pitt remains,
O Cruel Pen his Character that ſtains:
Can Light with Darkneſs Dwell, or Sin with Grace?
No more can falſhood in his heart take place.
A Pultney's Tongue, Sir Robert Walpole ru'd,
Like Alexander, Pitt the World ſubdu'd,
To Serve his King and Country, his Delight,
He wiſely choſe out valiant Men to fight.
His Wife, his Children, Honors, Wealth, and all,
Chatham had rather loſe, than Britain fall;
So firm a Patriot in his Country's Cauſe,
So great a Friend to England's dying Laws,
Juſtly commands our Gratitude, our Praiſe,
Our Prayers to Heaven to prolong his Days.
Engliſh are Engliſh Still; he's now deſpis'd,
Whom Yeſterday they lov'd and eterniz'd:
Againſt my Country more I could recite,
But Tears forbids my willing Pen to write.

A New Society is forming to the Memory of the late great Commoner; who deſign to e-

rect a ſmall but neat Monument at one end of the Room they are to meet in, and thereon to inſcribe the following Epitaph:

To the Memory
of
The late W——m P—t Eſq;
Whoſe Abilities and Judgment
In every Affair that regarded the Intereſt of this Nation,
Whoſe vigorous Zeal in the Service of his King and Country,
and
Whoſe Actions (ever deemed meritorious)
Had raiſed him to the higheſt Pitch of Popularity and Eſteem
In the Minds of his Fellow Citizens,
and
every other Inhabitant of South Britain;
But at the ſame time
Brought on him
The malicious Envy of Caledonian Power;
By whoſe vile Artifices,
And
Ever to be deteſted Practices
This Overthrow
(To the Sorrow of the Engliſh Nation)
was finally compleated
Anno Domini 1766.

Thus ended the Man
Whoſe happy Genius, Actions, and Behaviour,
in private,
But now particularly
in public Life,
Gained him
The Love of his Compatriots,
The Awe of the Enemies to his Country,
And

The

The Envy of the malicious part of Society,
his POPULARITY,
And every other glorious attendant on public Virtue
Were invariably loſt
in
CHATHAM,
Where his Remains are placed.

This MONUMENT of what he *was* erected
By a weeping Society,
To perpetuate and hand down
To the lateſt Branch of Poſterity
So Glorious and Worthy a Name.

A Simile.

HAve you not ſeen, in ſome clear peaceful flood,
The Parent Duck train forth her callow brood;
With fearful feet the water they explore,
And oft retiring, ſeek again the Shore;
Till by Degrees grown bold, at length they lave,
And ruſh exulting thro' the daſhing Wave.
So Ch-th-m once ſurvey'd, with ſeeming dread,
The Wily Snares to catch his Virtue ſpread:
High on Corruption's brink, yet Strange to Sin,
Tottering he ſtood, and fear'd to venture in.
But firſt a *Penſion* charms his greedy View,
Which once acquir'd, he longs for *titles* too:
That Glitt'ring Sacrifice to Female Pride,
A Dazzling *Coronet* muſt grace his Bride.
At laſt, regardleſs of his Patriot Name,
He *buys* a *Peerage* and he *ſells* his *Fame*,
Turns with the Current, takes the Northern Wind,
And leaves Fair Virtue's Shrine and Temple far behind.

J. H.

An Epigram.

COndemn not Pitt before his Actions prove
Him not deſerving of a People's love,
As he's a Man who ever yet has ſhown
That public Intereſt's dearer than his own.

T. W

Intelligence Extraordinary.

IT is ſaid that there have been great Difficulties, for ſome Days paſt, at the Pay Office, to prevail on the preſent joint Poſſeſſors to lie two in a Bed, both being accuſtomed to talk loudly in their Sleep, upon the *Stamp Act* and *General Warrants*: but that the Diſputes are now ſettled and tranquility reſtored, Lord N—— and Mr. C—— lately one of the Repreſentatives of M———, having agreed to appoint Mr. C——s Son to one half of the Deputy's Office, being 250*l*. a Year; by which the public have an immediate Inſtance of the Candour, Diſintereſtedneſs, and liberal Principles of that *antient* Patriot and *ſudden* Placeman.

It is ſaid that his Majeſty's Houſhold have expreſſed great Satisfaction upon ſeeing a *Cook* once more employed.

Mr. Shakeſpear, the builder, was yeſterday ſent for by Ch. D— Eſq of North End, to ſurvey a ſpot for building a handſome Stable for the Reception of Lord Chatham's Horſes; his Lordſhip meaning ſtill to reſide with his Amiable Friend the Merchant, and being beſides reſolved to try, by this experiment, whether he cannot breath a free Air in a high Station.

Say's

SAYS great Will—m P—tt, with his uſual Emotion,
*The Peers are no more than a drop in the Ocean.**
The City adore him, how charming a thing!
To pull down the Peers, and to humble the K—g;
But ſummon'd to Court, he reflects on his Words,
And to ballance the State, takes a Seat with the Lords.

* Vide the wiſeſt Speech ever made.

Epigram.

UNhappy Pitt! tho' Patriot of thy Nation!
To loſe thy Credit, through an Augmentation.
Unhappier thoſe, who blame without a Fault;
For, certainly, they do not as they ought.
The vileſt Criminal claims, a juſt pretence,
E're he's condemn'd, to plead his own Defence;
And much more thou, who have what's right defended,
Be left to prove, or now made worſe or Mended.

From OLD JACK RATIONAL.

TO BE SOLD
PYNSENT'S ELIXIR
or
The true Eſſence of PATRIOTISM.

THIS Noble Elixir is extracted from the vivifying and exhilarating Flowers of Penſion, Place, and Peerage: it's effects are wonderful — it's Power invincible. It will make the blind ſee, the Deaf hear, the Dumb Speak, and the Cripple Caper: it will clear up the moſt Clouded and embaraſſed Countenance, and give a very vivacious Sprightlineſs

Sprightlineſs to every Feature of the face: it oyl's the Tongue ſo amazingly, and gives it ſuch an unceaſing flow of Eloquence, that a Gouty Man, leaning upon his Crutches, ſhall tickle the Ears of his Audience for three Hours together. It will faſcinate the Multitude, procure popularity, and make the Mob ſhout Applauſe.

This noble and moſt excellent Patent Elixir to be had at the Sign of the Great Commoner and Coronet in Turnabout Lane, and no where elſe in England.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear that as ſoon as the Parliament meets, the *high and important* Office of Great Commoner (now vacant by a late Patriot's being called DOWN to the Houſe of P——s will be conferred on a late Warrior, whoſe Abilities, it is not doubted, will ſhine with greater Luſtre in the Senate, *than they did in the* FIELD. ——

It is likewiſe ſaid that the above *honourable* Gentleman was one of the principal and moſt active Agents employed by the Favourite in bringing about the late M-n-ſt——l *Revolution*, which it is ſaid he undertook with a View to obtain the above Office, and by Means thereof, as well as by the influence of Favouritiſm, a more LUCRATIVE PLACE, *according to the precedent given him by the late* INCUMBENT.

We hear that the Pitt, a *Conſtant Trader*, having lately ſailed too Northward, a Scotch *Miſt* aroſe, by which ſhe *miſt* her Way, and by a Strong Gale was wreck'd on the Iſle of B—te.

INTELLIGENCE

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Earl of Chatham, to ſhew his regard for literary Merit, has actually ordered his Linendraper to ſend a piece of the fineſt Lawn to the Chambers of the Writer of the Elegy on the late William Pitt, Eſq; in Order to make the Author a *ſeaſonable* quantity of DOUBLE Ruffles.

We are told that great Intereſt is making with the intended firſt Lord of the A———y, to continue the late S———y, and his Pecuniary Friend, in the place they held under the late Chairman; As it is to be ſeated that no Nobleman whatever, can be qualified for that great Office, before he firſt conſults and adviſes with one or other of thoſe C—mm——rs, who have been ſuppoſed to have known more than all the C-mm——rs, beſide.

It is currently reported, that one of the private Secretarys to a late great Lord has play'd his Cards ſo well, during his three Years Adminiſtration, as to have put 15 or 20, 000*l*. into his Pocket.

An
Inſcription which is to be put on the Statues preparing to be ſent to America.

In MEMORY of
W. P.

Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY OF LIFE,
preſiſted,
in ſpite of many bodily INFIRMITIES,
in the *practice* of every HUMAN ARTIFICE,

to

To raiſe HIMSELF and FAMILY,
from an *obſcure obſcurity*,
to LARGE POSSESSIONS, and
a moſt reſpectable TITLE and PLACE
in the State.
very ſingular was he in the Choice of
ABLE and HONEST CONFEDERATES,
to aid him in his ambitious Deſigns;
and when *they* had *ſerved* his turn,
UNGRATEFULLY DISERTED THEM
and *arrogantly* claim'd their *Merit* to himſelf,
with *an* almoſt *uninterrupted* enjoyment
for a long Series of Time,
of ſeveral LUCRATIVE PLACES in the State;
and by the Caprice of ſome,
and
the INSANITY of others,
(who were *bigotted* to his *pretended* Patriotiſm)
he at length ACQUIRED, OR ATTRACTED,
a very large real and perſonal Eſtate.
He was the *only Perſon* of his Time,
who with ſpecious Pretences and harangues,
could perſuade the People
their SERVICE only was the intended FRUIT of his
Labours,
——— When they had before their Eyes
numberleſs inſtances of his Actions, which indicated
the Contrary:
In fine,
After a Life of near Sixty Years.
Spent in PRETENDED PATRIOTIC actions,
the CLOVEN FOOT appeared
from under the Robe of an Earl of G. B.
And with the weight
Of a PENSION, PLACE, and CORONET,
he ſunk into a General Diſcharge and contempt,
on the 30th of *July*, 1766.

Oh indignant Reader!
think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind,
PROVIDENCE connived
At his Hypocriſy ſo long, to give to AFTER AGES
A PROOF and EXAMPLE
how the PRESENT AGE hath been
DELUED, CAJOLLED, and DECEIVED,
under a Pretence
of having their LIBERTIES and PROPERTIES only
defended and protected.

J. H. having read in the Papers that the *Pitt*, a fine firſt Rate had been laid up at Chatham, think that as that Ship has been frequently employed in bringing *Fuel* into a certain Houſe, and has been paid very honourably, the Captain of her ſhould, in Gratitude, have made one or two trips, and taken in a deep lading of SCOTCH Coal, for the Uſe of the ſaid Houſe; which, it is conceived, will be *very cold* next Winter, the laſt Skuttle of PITT *Coal* having been burnt out a few Days ago" This Correſpondent muſt excuſe our omitting the reſt of his Intelligence.

UNHAPPY Pitt? tho' Patriot of thy Nation?
To loſe thy Credit, thro' an augmentation,
Unhappier thoſe, who blame without a Fault;
For certainly, they do not as they ought.
The vileſt Criminal claims a juſt pretence,
Er'e he's condemn'd, to plead his own Defence:
And much more thou, who haſt what's right defended,
Be left to prove, or now made worſe or mended.

Old Jack Rational.

A New POLITICAL CREED for the Year 1766.

Quicunque vult.

WHOEVER will be ſaved, before all things it is neceſſary he ſhould hold the CHATHAM Faith.

Which Faith, except every Man keep whole and undefiled! without Doubt he ſhall ſink into Oblivion.

And the CHATHAM Faith is this, that we worſhip one Miniſter in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity: neither confounding the Perſons, nor dividing the Subſtance.

For the privy Seal is a Miniſter, the Secretary is a Miniſter, and the Treaſurer is a Miniſter.

Yet there are not three Miniſters, but one Miniſter, for the privy Seal, the Secretary, and the Treaſurer, are all one.

Such as the Privy Seal, is ſuch is the Secretary, and ſuch is the Treaſurer.

The Privy Seal is ſelf create, the Secretary is ſelf create, and the Treaſurer is ſelf Create.

The Privy Seal is incomprehenſible, the Secretary incomprehenſible, and the Treaſurer incomprehenſible.

The Privy Seal is unreſponſible, the Secretary unreſponſible, and the Treaſurer unreſponſible.

And yet there are not three incomprehenſibles, three ſelf create, or three unreſponſibles, but one incomprehenſible, one ſelf create, and one unreſponſible.

For like as we are compelled by the Chriſtian Verity to acknowledge every Perſon by himſelf to be God and Lord, ſo are we forbidden, by the Articles of the CHATHAM alliance, to ſay there are three Miniſters.

So that in all things the Unity in Trinity and

Trinity

Trinity in Unity are to be worſhipped.

And he who would be ſaved muſt thus think of the Miniſtry.

Furthermore, it is neceſſary to elevation, that he alſo believe rightly of the qualities of our Miniſter.

For the right Faith is, that we believe and confeſs, that this Son of Man is ſomething more than Man; as total perfection, tho' of an unreaſonable Soul, and gouty Fleſh conſiſting.

Who ſuffer'd for our Salvation, deſcended into Oppoſition, roſe again the third time, and aſcended into the Houſe of Peers.

He ſitteth on the right Hand of the ——, from whence he ſhall come to judge both the Good and the Bad.

And they that have done good ſhall go into Patent Places, and they that have done bad ſhall go into everlaſting Oppoſition.

This is the CHATHAM Faith; which except a Man believe faithfully he cannot be promoted.

As he was in the beginning, he is now, and ever will be.

Then all the People ſtanding up ſhall ſay; O bleſſed and Glorious Trinity, three Perſons and one Miniſter, have mercy upon us Miſerable Subjects.

—— facit Indignatio verſum.

WHY all this cenſure? why this flux of Wit
In foul effuſion ſquirted over PITT?
What has he done, folks ſhould ſuch Rancour Show? —
He Serv'd his Country, nay he ſav'd it too.

And muſt ſuch Merit now meet no Reward,
Or wear no Title ? tis indeed too hard ——
Is Virtue then, alas ! an empty Name ?
And Vice, rank Vice, the only road to Fame ?
Muſt Impudence ſtill bear each prize away ?
Muſt Honor's ever be ſome ſome Ideot's Prey ?
Muſt Ignorance the greateſt Penſions boaſt,
And inſufficiency the higheſt Poſt ?
Muſt only Deedleſs Peers the Garter wear ?
On Guilty breaſts alone muſt Stars appear ?
Are Coronets to Folly due alone ?
Muſt none but Sycophants approach the Throne
Ye juſtly great, this vile abuſe diſown,
Let Pitt his Title wear, or quit your own ;
And may the few like him, the very few,
Who merit honor, have all Honor due.

On the Political Death of the late Great Commoner.

HERE dead to Fame lies Patriot Will,
His Monument his Seat,
His Titles are his Epitaph,
His Robe his Winding Sheet.

EPIGRAM.

HOW ſtrangely things do turn about !
Whom People did applaud they hiſs :
With Penſion, Peerage, Place and Gout,
The Patriot now Lord Chalkſtone is.

ANTÆUS.

Antæus a Tale

Frangas non flectes.

ANTÆUS was a mighty Lord,
(So ſays an Antient Greek Record)
Who long endeavour'd to ſecure
His Neighbours from deſpotic Power;
And, by his Uprightneſs and Bounty,
Had gain'd the Love of many a County.
There was a King, one Euriſthæus,
Whoſe Courtiers hated Lord Antæus;
And oft had ſtrove, but ſtrove in Vain,
To bend him to their Maſter's Chain;
For, with ſuperior Skill and Bravery,
He baffled all their force and Knavery;
Reſolved his Honor to defend,
He vow'd, he'd ſooner break than bend,
From ev'ry Tryal of his Foes,
To more diſtinguiſh'd Fame he roſe;
Like the rich Metal that acquires
New Brightneſs from aſſaying Fires.
At length, Alcides, a prime Miniſter,
Of Language Smooth, and meaning Siniſter,
March'd, by his Lord's Command, to find him,
And took a Golden Chain to bind him,
Nor tedious was the Search —— for why?
The Man's ſoon found, who does not fly.
In ſhort, they met, and ſtrait enſu'd
A Shocking Scene of Wounds and blood:
Not half ſo fierce the three hours fight,
T'wixt Falſtaff and the Hotſpur Knight,
When pale Sabrina left her Billows,
And hid her Head among the Willows;
The heavy Blows Alcides dealt,
Were ſuch as Mortals ſeldom felt,
Each ſingle Stroke was e'en enough
To cleave a Skull of Piſtol proof,

And daſh the brains out; which made many
To queſtion whether he had any.
At beſt, a general Notion reigns,
Antæus had more Guts than brains.
Full oft he fell beneath the blows,
Full oft from Earth he lightly roſe
Unhurt, and, with redoubled might,
Freſh and more vigorous for the fight.
Alcides found himſelf miſtaken
In the rough Method he had taken.
Said he, within himſelf, the longer
I fight him thus, he grows the Stronger;
Oft as I knock him down, he riſes
With ſuch a Strength as quite Surpriſes;
Yet this ſame Hero, after all,
Who falls to riſe, may riſe to fall.
I'll try —— with that he graſp'd him round,
And nimbly heav'd him from the Ground;
Up in his Arms he rais'd him high,
Till his Head almoſt touch'd the Sky,
Antæus, Giddy with the height,
Loſt both his Strength and Senſes Straight.
" Ye Gods! he cry'd, what Scenes I view!
" What Stars! what Garters! Red and Blue!
" What Titles, Honors, heaps of Gold!
" O let me ſhare what I behold!"
Yield, and you ſhall —— he cry'd, " I do,
" Who can refuſe to yield to you?
" I Yield." —— He ſet him gently down,
Chain'd him, and Seal'd him for his own.
And, if tis true what Poets ſay,
(As for ought I can tell it may)
Antæus, once the great, the brave,
Turn'd a poor, venal, abject Slave.

G. P

An Epiſtle to a Friend in the Country.

HAving heard that your Doggrel's in Mighty Renown,
(For a great Many People can read in this Town)
And not without ſome little cauſe to expect
Such Flattery, as goes to one's heart to reject:
I have dipp'd in the Standiſh, intending to try
My Right hand at a verſe — tho' the Muſe is but ſhy.
You have heard of the wonderful Works of one Pitt,
Who ſo oft in Dom. Com. has brought forth a good hit:
Lord! Sir, there was hardly a Man of them all,
If he Wreſtled with Will, but was ſure of a Fall.
Since the Days of Sir Richard renowned in Song,
No Mortal has e'er been ſo loud or ſo long.
With large Words and Latin, in Patriot Oration,
He led by the Noſe many Heads of this Nation:
And, to enable his Spirits and Purſe to hold out,
He receiv'd a fine Snuff Box at ev'ry good bout.
The lid and the rims were all lacquer'd with Gold,
And might, if they are not already, be ſold.
Mr. D—— H——, and Arms of the City,
I dare ſay together look wonderfull Pretty.
The Deputy deals in profound Allegory,
And holds in his Hand, a good * Key for Hiſtory
But as I was ſaying, or going to Say,
This Pitt was a marvellous Man in his Day:
He made us, like ſo many Bees in a Hive,
Sweat & toil to pay Taxes, that Battle might thrive.
And really dear, friend, do but give him his Due,
He made both the French and the Spaniards look blue.

* Vide Speeches or Common Council.

Our

Our Soldiers moſt ardently pray'd for their Foes,
And then beat their Brains out, as all the world knows.
Our General once chanc'd to be Slaughtered — and then
Pitt ſaid he was ſorry — ſaid Beckford Amen.
It would do your heart good, ſhould you e'er come to town,
To hear how their Parliament Speeches go down:
There a Party to ſwallow, a party to pour,
So the gulpers ſtand gaping for ſenſe by the Hour.
They're ſure, honeſt Souls? he can ne'er be in jeſt,
Who harangues till he's hoarſe, and knocks oft on his breaſt.
In a Winter or two, I ſuppoſe each Oration,
Well chew'd, will again be ſpew'd out on the Nation:
For the ſubſtance of Matter continues the ſame,
As Newton avers, tho' it changes its Name;
So for aught one can tell, e'en this Letter of Mine
May make, turn'd to proſe, a young Senator ſhine.
Three mighty great Things are Time, Manner, and Place,
To give both our Laws and ourſelves a good Face!
But I ſtop — for digreſſions, when once they've the Rein,
Throw us off, tug as hard as we can at the mane.

A Man that is Gouty, or has a lame leg,
Elſewhere, for ſelf Intereſt, may ſet up to beg;
Not ſo at Saint Stephen's — when Cripples come there,
All Subſcriptions requeſted, they ſolemnly ſwear,
Are for poor old Britannia, whoſe Back is quite bare.
With one hand in flannel, and one on his Side,
He would gently begin, like an infantine tide;

And

And, as that by Degrees all the Bank overflows,
So from Whiſpers he ſoon came to brawling and blows:
" Thoſe Germans may ſhift for themſelves as they like;
As long as Great Britain as round her a Dyke
To defend her from harm, let her reſt in content;
Not a Man, not a Shilling ſhall from her be ſent."
This Doctrine was Orthodox only a while,
For he has, Sir, a vaſt variation of Style.
Of late we have heard him rebuking his Brother,
For provoking pert Boys to bepiſs their own Mother,
He ſpoke like an Angel, a great many Say,
And beat ſix or ſeven quite out of their Play,
Being Serious, and comic, being grave, being gay.
How are innocent quarries embowel'd ſince then,
For Statues to honor that beſt of all Men;
Buckles, buttons, and Studs, in America worn,
Signs, Ribbons, and Tea-pots with Pitt they adorn.
The good Folk of Bath, to exceed all the reſt,
Rous'd Old Royal Bladud, aſleep in his Neſt;
They rous'd him, I ſay, when he ſtrait fell a praiſing,
In Strong Black letter-Print, which was uſed former Days in.
But now, that King Bladud's again under Ground,
They have alter'd their Tone, & are looking around
For the Coehorns of Rhyme with Scurrility ſtor'd,
To fling at the Head of the God they ador'd.
'Tis amazing to think, but the Men of this Land,
Who are not Lords themſelves, cannot oft underſtand
How Virtue and Senſe can reſide in a Peer —
And Pitt is become my Lord Chatham. I fear
This vulgar Opinion 'bout Lords is not true;
For ſince I've been from home, I have ſeen one or two,

Who were rul'd by their Wives, and went in the Rain,
Which ſhews Wiſdom and Goodneſs, I think very plain.
Not a maker of Ballads in all this great Town,
But is priming his piece to knock poor Chatham down.
Nay, the Ladies that traffick in love round the Garden,
Drink his Downfall in Gin, to the very laſt Farthing.
The News-papers all are as ſly as they can be
With W——'s and P——'s and ******* I hope you underſtand me.
For my part (for I think tis a Shame to ſtand out.
And ſee a poor Lord ſo belabour'd about)
As I find upon trial, a knack to compoſe
A Cauſtic in Verſe, ten times hotter than proſe,
I'm reſolv'd in ſome Chronicle ſoon to have at 'em,
Subſcribing myſelf at the bottom Phil— Chatham.

I may do him much good, and one knows not for certain,
He may leave me a Box, when he thinks of departing;
Or perhaps (which is more to be wiſh'd for by far)
He may make me Jackall in his next German War.
I am dear friend yours Sincerely.

To Anti Sejanus.

DEAR Anti? where are all your Talents now?
Why don't you put your hands again to plow?
To Plow! you'll ſay — O yes? — Plow away
Sejanus from his ſecret, baneful Sway —
Do *this* Dear Anti? You'll be more ador'd
Than e'er was Pitt, or will be Chatham's Lord.

A THOUGHT.

HOW many little Wits and Criticks, like Village Curs, have been lately Snapping at a noble *tried* Maſtiff, who quietly, as he was wont, going on, and taking faithful Care of his Maſter's concerns, little heeds their Paultry Spite and Barking. But alas! for them, ſhould he deign to turn, and only hold up a Leg, or ſtretch out a paw; Lord how they would, like a late *crippled* Gentle Shepherd, run howling in, and hide their Heads for Shame! ———

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear, that the preſent Maſter of the above Noble Creature, like his late Keeper, now he begins to know his Value (from his being ſo much barked at) will not part from him upon any Conſideration ——— It is remarkable of this faithful Animal, that he has a particular Growl in his Voice, which at a Diſtance, and at firſt, ſounds forbidding or horrible; but on nearer Approach, and farther Tryal, though bold as a Lyon, is as gentle as a Lamb, and never bites but when provoked, and then indeed holds faſt, as ſome abuſers of his Maſter have ſorely experienced.

The CORONET: *or, The* PATRIOT METAMORPHOS'D.

A new Song.

HOW happy a State does Lord C——m poſſeſs,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his *Penſion* and *Place* he depends for Support,
Which is better than Servilely cringing at Court.

How bleſt has his Time been! what Days has he known!
How ſweet with fair E—r the Moments have flown!
Since firſt in *Dom. Com.* his Harangue he began,
Which convinced *the whole Houſe* he was more than a Man.

He bullied Sir Robert — he cenſur'd the *K*—,
He rail'd at the Garter — and call'd it a String:
He bellow'd and bawl'd, 'till his Worſhip was Hoarſe,
" He'd be damn'd ere he'd thus be a *Cornet of Horſe*."

He thunder'd ſo long — and he thunder'd ſo well—
They thought twas a fiend that had broke looſe from hell;
He rais'd ſuch a Din, — and he made ſuch a Clatter,
That Sir Robert, abaſh'd, quite forgot all his matter.

What's now to be done? or what's now to be ſaid?
Quoth Sir Robert, I tremble, by God, for my Head;
But to Silence his *Clack*, and to hide my Diſgrace,
I'll give *Cornet* P— a Vice Treaſurer's Place.

No longer a Cornet, no longer a Slave,
No longer the Terror and Scourge of a Knave;
He Yields to C———n, at B——y winks,
Now a *Patriot* he roſe, now a *Placeman* he Sinks.

In the Van of dame Fortune behold him advance,
With a Place for his target, his Tongue for a Lance;
But depriv'd of his Place, Ambition was croſt,
And the Cornet's gay hours in a Moment were loſt.

Now

Now behold him a bellowing Patriot again,
Like Demoſthenes, ſtemming the Torrent in vain.
See his Eyes how they roll! hark his Diction how ſtrong,
Gods! how mellow his Voice! his Oration how long.

Thus oppoſed and oppoſing, the ſame Tale he told,
" As he ne'er had been bought, ſo he ne'er would be ſold; "
That his Country (fine Words) was far dearer than Life!
Than the whole race of G——ll-es, than E—r his Wife."

How ſtubborn the Tryals which Patriots endure!
Yet to conquer their Whims, you muſt gild well the Lure;
For we all know 'tis Senſeleſs, whate'er they may mutter,
To Quarrel, like fools, with their Bread and their Butter.

To cut ſhort my Tale, and to cloſe the laſt Scene,
Like a Storm when 'tis huſh'd, ſee the Patriot ſerene;
In a twinkling behold a bright CORONET riſe,
How it ties up his tongue! how it dazzles his Eyes.

With the Hoard of mad Pynſent, a Penſion a Place,
With a Peerage, the Badge of his Lordſhip's Diſgrace;
With a load of Gold Boxes, from Borough's and Cities,
With his Bluſtering Speeches, and half written Ditties.

May he ſpend, yet unpitied, the reſt of his Days,
Unambitious of Sway, undeſerving of Praiſe;
Unhuzza'd by a Mob, unendear'd to his friends,
Ever rack'd by the Gout, ever tortur'd by fiends,

Ye Chronicle Wits, miniſterially wiſe,
Who to morrow revere, what to day ye deſpiſe,
Be my Sentence confirm'd -- ſince the die is now caſt,
"That a CORONET damns every PATRIOT at laſt."

A TRIFLER.

To the EARL of C——M.

WHAT though the Knight of St—— and Nump his Sancho Pancha,
With Malice falſely do among Apoſtates rank you;
Regardleſs of their Spleen, ſtill preſevere in Right,
You'll keep the People's hearts, and triumph o'er their Spight.

To L—D C—TH—M.

RIſe noble Peer! my good Lord Ch——m riſe!
And ſcatter all thy boundleſs Enemies!
But how (my Lord) you'll ſay, am I to do't?
Proſcribe the Thane within the Iſle of Bute.
This Feat atchiev'd, thy every Foe ſhall fall,
And Cha——m be what Pitt was *all in all.*

Vox Populi.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

FRom Ayleſbury we hear, that the People there are in high Spirits, with the enlivening Hopes of

of having that Loyal Whig Borough once more made famous, by the Honor of having a certain Popular Exile to repreſent them again in Parliament, it being confidently reported that he intends to offer himſelf a Candidate for the ſame, at the enſuing General Election.

VERSES *addreſſed to the Right Hon. the* EARL OF CHATHAM.

HAIL noble PEER bleſt Gift beſtow'd of Heaven!
Who nobly haſt improv'd thy TALENTS given.
Who in fair FREEDOM's Cauſe A BULWARK ſtood,
Of HEALTH regardleſs, for thy Country's good.
Thee BRITONS did applaud, with heart and hand,
As GUARDIAN ANGEL of a ſinking land.
Now ſtrange deluſions rule a factious Clan,
Who dare revile the once ſo honour'd MAN!
But SATAN's Inſtruments have ſure been at 'em,
And wrought a CHANGE in them; there's none in CHATHAM.

Baſtin.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear there were great Rejoicings lately at the Cocoa Tree, upon the Occaſion of Lord Gawkee being ſent for to Court. Humphry Riot, whoſe Orange coloured Waiſtcoat is now dy'd Blue, was appointed Toaſt Maſter, and deſired to give Lord B—— as a general Toaſt, which was drank, with three Huzza's, in Pint Bumpers. Humphry, who was very Drunk, ſwore he would ſupport Lord Gawkee with the whole Weight of his Credit, and would

would advance a Million towards a new Loan, if his wife Patron was appointed to ſave the Nation. Vamp was promiſed to be Stationer to all the Boards, and Inſpector General of the Preſs.

Dick Swift's Eyes being yet black and blue, he could not appear at the Cocoa Tree upon this joyful Occaſion, and we hear he has ſince been threatned to be kicked out of the common Hall.

OH might a Spark of that bright Flame,
Whoſe Influence raiſed that * Bard to Fame,
My Feeble Breaſt inſpire,
Who ſung of Courts the ſecret Springs,
Of Placemen, Miniſters, and Kings,
With more than Pindar's Fire.

Then might I tell, how P—t of late
Became a Miniſter of State,
Quitting his Former Friends,
And how, of Kings the gracious Smile
May Serve a Foe to reconcile,
And gain a Fav'rites Ends.

That Principles however nice,
Are ſo, but 'till they get their Price,
Then might I make appear.
That Av'rice or the Luſt for Power,
Can change, in leſs than half an Hour,
A Patriot to a Peer.

No more will I this Theme purſue,
Such Tales to Hanbury's Muſe were due,
To my weak Pen denied;
Then let his Verſe my thoughts explain,
And what he ſaid of Bath, again
To Ch—tham be applied.

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

To

To Lord C——m.

HAil best of Men? resume thyself; compose
Thy Clear, well temper'd Heart; —— shall thou, whose Course
The unsolicited, though dearly bought
Applause of Nations, Parties, Multitudes,
Could never lure from Truth's unfault'ring Aim,
Or knew the Godlike purpose to degrade
Of thy Benevolence with honour'd Wisdom
Inseperably joined, Shalt thou, forbid it
Britain's blest Genius! turn thy Steps aside,
Thy Zeal abate, or flatter the Caprice
Of base ingratitude, or bow the Knee
To Faction's disappointed, baffled Claim.
Proud in superior Virtue overlook
The Scribler's trembling Wit, assert the Cause
Of public Virtue, and retrieve the Honors
Impair'd, not lost, of English Liberty.
CAMDEN is thine, to cherish, to support
With chaste, severe integrity, the Rights
Of our Immortal Charter; to explain
With clear Precision, to enforce with Zeal
Those Laws, which laugh to scorn the Tyrants Frown.
Which know the baneful Magic to repel
Of Courtly Interest, alike dispending
To Poor, to Rich, their best Protection, Justice.
CAMDEN is thine; in whom thy Fortitude,
Thy honest, Patriot Zeal, not unattended
By every Grace the Muse alone can give
Of Arts, or Eloquence, endear him still
To all, but those by Coward Envy curst,
Ambitious, cool, designing Prostitutes ——
—— Whose Names are Y————
Hail CHATHAM! CAMDEN hail! proceed unwearied
In these distinguish'd Labours; give to England

Not the Dull Name of Peace, but give us Peace
Implor'd by ſuppliant Foes, and Worthy too
Of Arms victorious; not the ſervile Terms
Impoſed by foreign Councils, Inſult baſe!
The Lawrel blaſted on the Victor's Brow?
The Slave command his Lord? — the Duſt rebel?
Bleſt Chiefs! redeem ſuch foul diſhonour, ſave
Your Country's Fame, inſtruct us by yourſelves,
A Wiſe Example, to diveſt our Minds
Of Selfiſh Wiſdom, to diſdain the cold
Ungenerous, partial Aim; to keep entire
Our free born Rights, to Act upon your Plan,
Forming to your great Souls the Reliſh of our own.

WANTED

A WRITER that hath the following Qualifications.

He muſt have the Art of inſpiring Suſpicion and Jealouſy into the People, about the Conduct of the late great Commoner; and of perſuading them that his accepting a Peerage was manifeſtly deſerting their Intereſt. He muſt alſo be able to make it appear, as plain as the Noſe on any Man's face, that his noble Brother's refuſing, at a late Conference, to come into the Miniſtry, becauſe he could not have the Nomination of ſeveral Perſons to high Poſts, was not any ambition or ſelf Intereſt in him, but pure patriotiſm, and real love for his Country.

Whoever can perform this in a maſterly Manner, let him repair to the Temple of Liberty at St—, where he ſhall be taken into preſent good pay.

N. B. If he can throw Duſt into the Peoples Eyes, and make them believe that the great Commoner never did his Country any real Service, he would be the more agreeable.

On the ungenerous Treatment of the late GREAT COMMONER.

LET Envy, Malice, Falſhood join
To Hunt the Steady Patriot down;
His Conduct ſhall the brighter ſhine,
And Truth at laſt his Virtue crown.

YE Friends of PITT, ye Friends of BUTE,
Fall foul of one another;
If *Cheat'em* muſt create Diſpute,
Keep up the *Scribbling* Pother!
But on the *Athanaſian* Creed,
Preſumptuous never *fall*;
For ſhou'd each Party thus proceed,
Our G-D will d——n 'em all.
No Friend to Blaſphemy.

WHAT Pains have been taken, in Verſe and in Proſe,
C——m's Conduct t'explain, to defend, to expoſe;
Yet Spite of the Efforts of Party and WIT,
I ſtill do pronounce him the *Bottomleſs Pitt.*
Marche Caverne.

HINTS found near HAMPSTEAD.

MEmorandum. To ingratiate myſelf with my Maſter, I am to propoſe the Sum of £. 400 000, to pay his Debts, and £. 20 000 *per* Annum for his Brothers.

To keep my Ground with the Earl of ———. his Brother to be reſtored. The Earl of ———, to have an Office. A Complement now and then

in P——, and ſome attention to his Scotch Recommendations.

To recover myſelf with the People, a little Wild Fire as ſoon as poſſible on the Enemy's Quarters. Very big Words. B——d to make my Apology, At a convenient Diſtance of Time after I have ſecured another Grant for my Son John, to reſign, and to complain that I was thwarted by the Earl of B—.

News for an hundred Years hence.

ON Tueſday laſt died William Pynſent Eſq; one of the Auditors of the Impreſts, and a teller of the Exchequer, which together with a Penſion of £. 3000 *per* Annum, he enjoyed for many Years, in Deſcent from his Grand Father the Earl of C——, who after thirty Years continual mutability and diſſimulation, died in poſſeſſion of the contempt of the preſent Age, and ſecure of the Abhorrence of poſterity in Reverſion.

Intelligence Extraordinary.

WE hear that a late eminent Commoner has taken for his Motto, *Mutamur in horas.*

PRESS'D with a Senſe of Gratitude,
No longer can my Pen refrain
T' inveigh againſt the baſe, the rude,
Who treat the *Worthy* with diſdain.

Was Britain e'er ſo bleſt before
With Man of Skill and Probity,
Who, while Diſtreſſes we deplore,
Aſſiſtance gives to ſet us free?

Shall PITT, the Brave, the Wiſe, the Juſt,
Whilſt Innocent, be branded ſo?
What! all his Trophies in the Duſt,
Spurn'd, levell'd, trampled by the Foe!

Calumnious Herd, of Minds ingrate,
Diſtruſtful, ſordid, vile, and mean,
Objects of Virtue's Sneer and hate,
But for Abhorrence only ſeen!

Good Men muſt grieve that Jealouſy
Can thus diſhonour Britiſh Minds:
But ſure it laſting cannot be,
We'll hope that each his error finds.

Suſpend all Doubts, unſtable Crew,
Theſe ſeeming Clouds at morning light
Are but the effects of plent'ous Dew,
A Prelude to a Day more bright.

The more the Sun exalted is,
He brighter radiance beams around;
PITT's exaltation's then our Bliſs;
For t'will irradiate Britiſh Ground.

PHILO MERITUS.

A Converſation between two SAILORS *on board the* CHATHAM, *in the River* Medway.

ABOARD the Chatham a hoi! —— Holloo —— Here, take my Painter on board, and haul

haul me along ſide —— Ha Jack what News from the London ? —— O, Damn me if I like 'em — Keep off there ; and, do ye ſee, if a boat that's belonging there was to near us enough, though ſhe was Gunnel deep with Gin and Brandy, I'd heave a twelve Pounder into her —— You have heard of Commodore Pitt, that took the Command of the Britannia after her Officers and Crew had ſhamefully deſerted her, becauſe ſhe laboured a little in hard Weather, and they expected a dreadful Storm from it's thinkening on the eaſtern board — a pack of — — Why, Will, a ſet of Laſcars, that had received the King's Pay, would have been aſhamed of ſuch Cowardice ; and believe it, or let it alone, theſe were thoſe got that excellent Sailor poor Byng, ſhot for an Error in Judgment, on the, what ye call it, article of War. Well, this Commodore, do ye ſee, found out her trim, and not caring a button about the Weather, though it blew a cap full of Wind, gave chace to the Enemy they had let gain the Weather gage of them ; and getting in their Wake, preſently over haul'd them ; when coming a longſide, by the Lord he play'd Hell with their Gin Caggs ; and out of the Royal Navies of France and Spain, did not leave Ships enough to victual the Britiſh Fleet with Flip only : After all this, ſome of thoſe who did not like his Speech, For Faſhion being all Truth, hove him out of his birth, and the King's Books too : Then as one may ſay, Things not going ſo well as they ought to do, the Crew of the London were going mad after him, and not a Man in the Fleet but lov'd and eſteem'd him as a good Officer ; And I now ſay, as I have often ſaid (though he has done me diſſervice) that he's heart of Oak ; for though I might have been benefited many thouſands above a hundred, yet he behaved like a true born Briton, or rather like a brave Commander, true to the Intereſt

tereſt of his Country and King in what he did, and no profit to himſelf; but hark ye, Will, it is reported, that there's now more uſe for him than ever, and one and all have requeſted him to take the Command again. No, ſays he, I will not; you turn'd me adrift when I had done your Buſineſs for you laſt war, and brought you home Priſoners, Treaſure, Territories, and Fame, as the India Company did Clive; and now, like them by him, when you can do no longer without me, you would employ me, and give me ſuch Lieutenants as will not Obey Orders, but Skulk and lye to blaſt my Fame. Now, like them by him, let me chuſe my Officers, And I'll try what I can do to put the Ship to rights, and fit her for Channel or Offing Service. — What they'll do I know not, but the Crew of the London, who were ready to lick the Sluſh from his Platter heave out a Cargo of foul mouthed Rubbiſh againſt him, becauſe they ſay, now he has ſuffer'd himſelf to be made an Admiral, he'll ſoon be put on the Yellow Liſt, and can't do his Country any Service. — Now, how can ſuch loggerheads prate, that know no more about it than a dead eye. — Can't be, as he is ſure of a Sea at the board, before which all Matters, relative to Captains and other Officers, muſt paſs and be allowed, and without his Approbation and Concurrence no Act or Commiſſion can take place that can effect the *Britannia* or her Crew. Then, Will, how are his hands tied, ha! or is it becauſe his Majeſty's Grace, bleſs the Mark! knowing do ye ſee, that the Board could never thrive without him, thought fit to call him to that Commiſſion that he ſhould forget his Friends? Doſt not think that he who was once a Sailor, and knows all their Traverſes when an Admiral, knows beſt when to let their innocent Tricks paſs, and when, having power,

to

to clap a nipper on thoſe he can't approve. To be ſure there have been bad Admirals before now; but is there any reaſon to fireſhot at the chace after ſhe is brought too before we know ſhe's an Enemy, or ſhall we condemn a Man untried, that has alwavs proved a true Heart with a Sound Bottom? — Blow that fellow out to Sea without an Anchor, who dares to thwart his Hawſer, It matters not a Rope's end to thee and me who commands; we muſt be Sailors ſtill, but let the Man's Actions be judged favourably of in a new Station, who never did ill in his former Birth; And if I was ho, what was ſaid behind my back, my B——e ſhould anſwer it.

EPIGRAM.

OF late every Wit,
Shoots his Arrows at Pitt,
For the moſt part againſt Truth and Reaſon;
But he is the Man,
To help, or none can,
But grant him for that, TIME and SEASON.

To the E—L of CH——M.

WHAT though pale Envy ſhoots her Darts each Day,
And T——e does with thy baſe Foes combine;
Thy Conduct ſoon will clear theſe Clouds away,
And C——m ſhall with Pitt's true luſtre ſhine.

On a Private Perſon, advanced by his Merits to the firſt honors of the State.

THus antient Rome her great Dictators found
Tilling their Latian or their Sabine Ground;

But

But when her Fields with hoſtile troops o'erſpread,
When Pyrrhus, or when Carthage was her dread,
Juſt in the dangerous Criſis of her Fate,
Her Chiefs were called to ſave her ſinking State.
Her joyful Tribes now round their Chariots flow,
Grac'd with a Grecian or a Gallic Foe;
The Warriors, long forgot, they adore,
Crown'd with thoſe Lawrels which they nurſed be-
In PITT, another Coſſus we admire, [fore.
Born to awake each drowſy Warrior's fire,
Once more to make his Britiſh Bravery known,
And Shake the Gallic Tyrant on his Throne;
Whoſe Eloquence, each venal Rival's dread,
Strikes Faction ſpeechleſs, and Corruption dead.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear that the broad Bottomed Miniſtry, Which L— T—— propoſed forming to the Great Commoner at a late conference, are now forming apace in a broad bottomed Oppoſition; So that the Ariſtocratical Syſtem of Government which he would have eſtabliſh'd, to the manifeſt Prejudice of both K—— and People, is chang'd into ariſtocratical Faction, and the Temple of Liberty at St—— metamorphized into a receptacle for CABALLING againſt the Meaſures of my L— Ch——m.

PROPOSALS for printing by Subſcription,
(taken from Mr. Hogarth's famous Picture of Mr. Garrick, in the Character of Richard the third)

The PRINT of a LATE GREAT COMMONER

This Print will be publiſh'd before the opening of the next Seſſion of P——t.

A Specimen of the Work.

THE late G—t C———r will be lying on his Couch, dreſs'd with his Coronet and Robes; and his Hands and Feet wrapp'd up in flannel, and ſtarting at the Ghoſts that appear to him in his Sleep, and addreſs him in imitation of the Ghoſts in Shakeſpeare.

Enter the Ghoſt of Sarah Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

The firſt was I that help'd thee to be known,
But not the laſt that finds thee an Apoſtate.
In the Debate, O think on Marlborough,
And Shrink in Terror of thy Guiltineſs.

Enter the Ghoſt of Robert Earl of Orford.

When I was living, my fair Character
By thee was punch'd full of deadly Holes;
Think on the Tower and me, deſpair and Die;
The injured Orford bids thee droop and Die.

Enter the Ghoſt of Ralph Allen Eſq;

Let me be laid within thy Boſom, Ch——m,
And weigh thee down to Ruin, Shame, and Sorrow;
I thought thee once deſerving of my Friendſhip;
But now a Convert made, by Truth and Juſtice
I join thy new Purſuers, once thy friends;
If any Pains can *adequate* thy Crimes,
May they, thou Arch Impoſtor, now await thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Sir William Pynſent.

Let me ſit heavy on thy Soul to morrow;
Pynſent that raiſed thy Fortune — not thy fame;
Think on my wronged heirs, who now with Juſtice
Curſe the falſe *Patriot* in their humble State,
And join with me to execrate his Baſeneſs;

Let

Let all their Wrongs tomorrow be remembered,
And ſink thy edgeleſs Tongue.

Chorus of Engliſh Ghoſts deſtroy'd in Germany.

Awake, Awake, inhuman Murderer;
Think how we bled to raiſe thy once lov'd Name,
Which now, alas! lies buried in a Title,
Bloody and Guilty; Guilty, now awake,
To future *Peers* a terrible Example.

The Ghoſt of William Earl of Bath.

Brother in Guilt, remember me tomorrow:
Let not my Fate o'erwhelm thy trembling Soul!
I that was waſted to Death by fulſome Honors,
Poor Bath!
Unpitied and diſhonoured, now appear
To warn thee of the Danger of to morrow;
O think on me!

This Print will be diſtributed *gratis* to the late G—t C———r's remaining Friends in the Common Council, as few Copies will now ſerve that purpoſe.

Subſcriptions to be taken in at Mr. D—y's at North End, at Ald——n B——d's in Soho Square, and at the Peer's new Friend, Colonel W. B—e, V—e T———r of I——d.

EPIGRAM.

THE Tories, adrat'em,
Accuſe my Lord Chatham,
Without a juſt Cauſe or Pretence;
Such Scribbling and Scrawling,
His Lordſhip quite Mauling,
I fear they have not common Senſe.

John Tupp.

The POLITICAL MAGNET a SIMILE.
by Mr. Kenrick.

LODG'D in the *Northern Pole*, the Wiſe
Affirm, a potent Loadſtone lies,
Of univerſal Sway:
So, in the World of Politic's,
Bute the great Magnet, there they fix,
Whoſe influence all Obey.

Why then, ye Grumblers, do you ſnarl,
To ſee your Patriot made an Earl.
And rais'd o'er Sin and Shame!
Chatham's unalterable Soul,
True as the Needle to the Pole,
Is evermore the ſame.

What though he veer'd from Side to Side,
'Twixt Popularity and Pride,
Unſettled in his Notions;
Ev'n ſo the needle quiv'ring Plays,
And Eaſtward oft and Weſtward ſtrays,
Though conſtant in its Motions.

See, and confeſs its genuine Worth,
When, plainly pointing to the *North*,
I'ts wav'ring all is o'er:
Thus to the Pole of Politicks,
At length, lo *Pitt* in *Chatham* ſticks,
And veers about no more. W. K.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

A Certain Noble Duke returning home lately from Court, his Dutcheſs (famous for her Wit and Accompliſhments) aſked him for News: Oh!

Oh! there is great News, my Dear, at the levee to day, Mr. Pitt the great Commoner, is made *a Peer:* Is he (ſaid my Lady Dutcheſs) then, take my Word for it, he will ſoon *diſap-peer.*

By a Lady.

WHEN Heaven to ſave a ſinking Land thought fit,
Th' Herculean Labour was reſerved for Pitt,
He midſt of Vile Corruption firmly ſtood,
And had no Views but for his Country's good.
He ſav'd the Realm for dire impending Fate,
From Foes abroad, at home from Knaves of State.
His loyal honeſt Heart knew no deceit,
His Actions like his Mind, was truly great.
His Patriot Deeds let Britiſh Annals tell,
Whoſe Glory was to ſerve his Country Well.
Judge of the Future by his Actions paſt,
While he exiſts his Patriot Zeal will laſt,
Nor Wealth or Titles, can corrupt the Man,
Whoſe Life, is form'd on Virtue's noble Plan.

Amanda.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

GReat Betts are depending, whether a late great Commoner, will venture into the City on the ninth of November next. Some Wags aſſert that he is determined to transfer his Name to the Armourer's Company by Way of Security.

A Fragment.

BUT now (Oh! what a falling off, was there)
No more a Patriot, but a Penſion'd Peer?

In

In full poſſeſſion of his High Demands,
On the curſt venal Liſt enroll'd he ſtands.
Of Independence now he talks no more,
Nor Shakes the Senates with his Patriot Roar;
But Penſive ſits, and with court trappings hung,
Twirls round his Glittering Seal and holds his Tongue.
He dare not ſpeak — muſt be for ever mute
Aw'd by ſelf Intereſt, Conſcience, and Lord B—e;
By Whig and Tory equally abhorred ——
All lov'd the Patriot, but deteſt the Lord.
His fancy'd Greatneſs leads to real Shame,
And Ignominy is his only Fame.
Thus ſome tall Ship lead on by proſperous Gales
To gain her deſtined Port, unfurls her Sails;
And to *Britannia*'s Shores, from diſtant Coaſts,
Brings all the Treaſure either India boaſts.
Her well known courſe thro' *Southern* Channels guide,
Secures her Cargo, and in Safely ride.
At laſt a nearer Paſſage to explore,
Comes *North* about (a Courſe not ſteer'd before)
And on the *Iſle of Bute* is drove aſhore.

Honeſtus.

Ode to a late great Man.

IF Virtue be an Empty Name,
Freedom a Rant, a Bubble Fame,
P—tt thou haſt acted well;
For the leaſt Worth of little Things,
By Scoundrels begg'd, beſtow'd by Kings,
A Title Fair to ſell.

If Virtue Vice, if Fame diſgrace,
Freedom and Slavery may ſhift Place,
To ſerve ſome paltry View:

Who

Who ſells his Country, God denies,
By Rapine lives, Blaſpheming dies,
Is juſt as good as you.

Where ſlept thy Guardian Angel, where!
That cheriſh'd 'erſt each Patriot Care?
What Madneſs ſeiz'd thy Brain?
Was Power thy Aim? tis gone, tis fled!
A Name? thy honeſt Name is dead,
Never to riſe again.

How are the mighty fallen! how
Sunk are the Terrors of thy Brow,
The Flaſhings of thy Eye!
Liſtleſs that Hand, and mute that Tongue,
On which aſtoniſh'd Senates hung,
Not daring a Reply.

That Brow, that Eye, that Hand, that Tongue,
Which erſt the gentle Shepherd Sung,
And each Man caught the Sound,
Now form'd to ſofter Chains appear,
To ſooth a ſov'reign's tender Ear,
And ſpread Corruption round.

Succeſſion juſt —— the Royal Line ——
Kings cannot eer —— their pow'r Divine ——
Such is the Sycophant's Part,
Who power Oppoſed his own to raiſe,
For Titles barter'd honeſt Praiſe,
A Tyrant is at heart.

In Solemn Farce, ye Mighty Things,
Patch'd up of Titles, Stars and Strings,
Receive your Brother Peer:
So like your own his Value prize,
Yet B—df—d turns away his Eyes,
And ev'n B—e dares ſneer.

Ye Gen'rous Commons, with juſt Zeal,
And all that injured Minds can feel,
Th' Apoſtate Vile purſue ;
Who baſely Freedom's Cauſe betray'd,
And, Traitor like, his Bargain made,
By ſacrificing you.

Was he not fondled by your Choice,
Fed by your Breath, rais'd by your Voice,
Your Glorious Voice divine !
Was he not poor, o'erlook'd as I,
Till caught by your indulgent Eye,
You bade his Fortune ſhine ?

From Place to Place, to Wealth to Pow'r,
You led this Idol of the Hour,
Made him your fav'rite Care ;
How well he ſpoke, how well he plann'd,
You echoe'd loudly through the Land,
And Seal'd him P—t's Heir.

Ariſe, deceiv'd, deluded Shade,
Review thy Will too raſhly made,
Thy mad bequeſt reclaim ;
What public Love 'gainſt Nature's Laws,
Gave in ſupport of Freedom's Cauſe,
Is held by Guilt and Shame.

Can Britons yet (whoſe generous Mind,
Favours in grateful Fetters bind)
Paſt Services Forget ?
His Worth diſcarded Science Shows ——
Thoſe Arts kept down by which he roſe
A Nation plung'd in Debt.

Bully and P—— in an hour,
A Patriot now, then Pimp to Pow'r,
I ſee Preferment's Road ;
Then thy deſpiſed, diſgraceful Name,
I'd rather chooſe my honeſt Fame,
As Author of this Ode.

In the Preſs and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

RELIQUIÆ POLESWORTHIANÆ;

Or, the ſequel of the true and delightful
Hiſtory of JOHN BULL.
From the Original Manuſcript
Lately diſcovered by Squire *fflimſey*, among his *Ruins of the Temple of Modern Virtue.*

THis curious and indiſputably authentic performance, is, like the two former parts of it digeſted into Chapters; a few of whoſe Heads we annex, by way of Sample.

CHAP. XX.

How *Roaring Will*, wrapped up in a Blanket, and ſhamming lame, came and terrified Mrs. Bull, gave her much ill Language, for having put Badges on ſome Beggars whom ſhe manitained, and ſwore moſt profanely, that had he known of her Intentions the Day before, though he had a looſeneſs on him at the time, *he would have hired ſome kind Porter to have carried him and his Cloſe Stool, that he might have borne Teſtimony againſt her Folly.*

CHAP. XXI.

How *roaring Will* gnaſhed his Teeth at Mrs. Bull, Clinched his Fiſt, and ſpit in her Face; finding that ſhe bore all this, how he belaboured her Soundly with one of his Crutches; and made her with her own Hands, take the Badges off the *Beggars*, while they beſpattered her with Filth for her Kindneſs.

CHAP. XXII.

The Beggars chooſe *Roaring Will* for their King; how he inſtructs them in the art of ſhamming Lame; they dreſs up a ſtrange Figure of him, which they carry in Proceſſion, and in their noiſy debauch, beſet John Bull's Houſe, and diſturb the Family.

CHAP. XXV.

How Mrs. Bull reprimands Surly Bob, for running his Hands up the Maids Petticoats, and for his ſhocking habit of Swearing; remonſtrating on the peculiar impropriety of both theſe Amuſements in one who had the Honor of being chief *Book keeper* in her Family.

CHAP. XXVII.

Surly Bob play at Cards with *Mother Hunch*, the Old *Houſekeeper*; how *Nimming Chou* ſtands by, and ſteals *Mother Hunch*'s Spectacles, while Surly Bob *ſhuffles*; how Surly Bob gets the Odd Trick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Surly Bob grows tired of his Office of *Book-keeper*; of his curious Lottery for *Decrees* between the Tenants, *which had only ten Blanks to one Prize.*

CHAP. XXIX.

How *nimming Chou* laughed in his Sleeve to think, that when he had no Conſcience of his own, John Bull ſhould be fool enough to give him his to keep.

CHAP. XXX.

Surly Bob ſets up for a Gentleman; how he kicks Don Diego out of the *Arm Chair* at the *Quarter Seſſions*, and ſits in himſelf.

CHAP. XXXII.

Count Small Gets a Scrivener's Place; how he buys himſelf a Copy book, and promiſes to learn to write.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Count Flimſey, and *Paſtor Fida*, the Wolf in *Shepherds* Cloathing, retire to the Temple Warehouſe; How *roaring Will* vows to ſpoil their caballing.

CHAP. XL.

Roaring Will damns John Bull to his Face, and

ſwears

ſwears ſolemnly that nothing ſhall induce him to enter into his Service, unleſs he is permitted to hold the Places of Agent, Houſe Steward, Book-keeper, Cook, Coachman, and tom t—d man, all together; how he calls this *a totality*; how he tells Mr. Bull that he would not wear a *Shoulder Knot*, though he ſhould offer him a *laced one*.

CHAP. XLIII.

How John Bull is fool enough to take him at his Word. and offers him the Place of *Deputy Book keeper*, and a *Caſt Shoulder-Knot*, formerly wore by *Punch*, the *Bath Broker*; how *roaring Will* ſnatches at both; how he embroiders his Shoulder-Knot with *Ships*, becauſe he brags of having ſaved John Bull's Pleaſure Boat in the Canal.

CHAP. XLV and laſt.

How *roaring Will* ſtops People in the Streets, to prove the eſſential identity of his Coat, notwithſtanding the addition of the Shoulder Knot, inſiſting the *principium individuationis* of Coats conſiſts not in the Shape and conſtruction of the outſide, (which is compoſed of conſtantly fleeting particles of Matter) but in the *conſciouſneſs* of the wearer, and in the *Organization of the Original conſtituent Particles of the Lining*; for that as an Horſe, though he may ſometimes belong to a Parſon, Sometimes to a Butcher; may be ſometimes fat, ſometimes lean; is ſtill the ſame Quadruped; ſo a Coat, though it be ſometimes threadbare, Sometimes laced, is ſtill the ſame identical Garment; (*i. e.* Organization or Conſtruction of parts by the Taylor to a certain end) provided the *lining* be not changed, which he ſwears bloodily *his* never has been; now People laugh in his face, and call him a lying Raſcal, telling him, that, to their Knowledge he has been *ſhifting* and *turning* the *Lining* of his Shabby Coat every Winter for theſe twenty Years paſt,

'Tis not pretending to that ſacred Name,
That grants you Virtue, or approves your Claim.
To be enroll'd: —— Walker's Poem's page 15.

YE Venal Slaves, far hence away,
Compelled to write for daily pay,
And Britain's Friends beſpatter;
Shew Virtue once, if yet ye can,
Nor caſt detraction on that Man,
Who ſcorns your Verſe, *en tatter.*

A Peerage, Penſion, Party tell,
That he his Country lov'd too Well,
And honeſt would not quit her;
Fatigu'd with Wranglings, Jars, Debates,
He quits that Houſe he juſtly hates,
For one 't his Genius fitter.

Would ye that virtuous Merit ſhou'd
Be ee'r depriv'd of ev'ry good,
Nor taſte the ſweets of Eaſe;
Declining Life, and lengthning Age,
Bid ev'ry Man this Mortal Stage
To quit, and Heaven appeaſe.

The Patriot Chatham? Godlike Man
Whoſe Mortal Glaſs, has nearly ran
The full Decree of Fate;
Now firſt Prepares us Britons here
To quit, and gain a happier Sphere,
With Lords, next Gods elate.

SABRINA.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear, that a Meeting of the Freeholders of the County of Surrey will ſoon be called to conſider of proper Members to repreſent them in Parliament at the enſuing General Election. Hum-

phry

phry Riot is expected to offer himſelf upon this Occaſion, and as he is poſſeſſed of an immenſe Eſtate in that County, and is beſides a very monied Man, and will ſtand likewiſe upon Lord Gawkee's Intereſt, It is thought nobody will be ſo imprudent as to oppoſe him. There is an elegant Suit of Plaid decorated with blue Ribbons now making up for him, and he intends to make a ſhort Speech againſt Licentiouſneſs, and in praiſe of his Wife, conſiſtent Patron, on the Day of Nomination. But as he is not celebrated for the excellence of his Speeches, or Writings, it is preſumed he will challenge any one, who ſhall dare call in Queſtion the Supernatural Abilities of Lord Gawkee, to drink or box with him. The noted Champion, Dick Swift, is engaged to be his Second upon this Doughty Occaſion. Vamp will likewiſe attend to obſerve what paſſes, as he is hired by Lord Gawkee to lampoon and libel all thoſe who ſhall be juſt Wretches as to oppoſe the independent, Virtuous Humphry Riot.

The St. James's Dance,

A Song as performed at Court.

1

PRAY obſerve our new made Dance, Sir,
See each Couple how dey prance, Sir;
Firſt of all that Foot to Foot a!
Is de P—— and L— B— a!
Doodle Doodle Doo.

2

Next behold L— *Cheat'em* come a!
For America to hum a!
His Ambition's Power and Pelf, Sir,
He Serv'd you to ſerve himſelf, Sir.
Doodle Doodle Doo.

Now

3

Now C—— T——d cuts a Caper,
Weathercock like turn'd by Vapour;
While *Britannia*'s fill'd with dread, Sir,
Topſy Turvy on her Head, Sir.

Doodle Doodle Doo.

4

Then there's *lawful* N——n a!
With his Girl and full of Fun, a!
He can *kiſs* and crack his Jeſt, Sir,
And drink Bumpers to *the Beſt*, Sir.

Doodle Doodle Doo.

5

F—x is to Old Nick attach'd a!
Ne'er were partners better match'd a!
France and Spain are wond'rous merry,
Laughing at ſuch *hey down derry*.

Doodle Doodle Doo.

6

See to Paris to be Free a!
WILKES retreats for Liberty, a!
Why the Devil's all this fuſs, Sir,
He's bewitch'd as well as us, Sir.

Doodle Doodle Doo.

T——e and N——e ſee, a!
R——m and W——ea;
They are not allow'd to prance, Sir,
Such is the St. James's Dance, Sir.

Doodle Doodle Doo.

Extract from PYNSENT'S GHOST, *a Parody on the celebrated Ballad of* WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

'TWAS at the Silent Midnight Hour,
When Virtue Sleeps ſo ſweet;

In

In Glided Pynſent's grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at C * * * m's Feet.

His Face was Pale like Scotia's Morn,
Clad in a miſty Cloud;
And Clay-cold was his Shrivell'd Hand,
That held his Sable Shroud.

So ſhall Earl Talbot's Face appear,
Ere Twenty Years are flown;
Such is the Robe great G——e muſt wear,
When Death has ſnatch'd his C——n.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Ariſe" — he cried, "thy Patron calls,
"Come from his deary Grave;
"Ariſe! and hear my threat'ning Voice,
"Thou vile, Apoſtate Slave!

"This is the Dumb, and Diſmal Hour,
"When injured Ghoſts complain;
"And aid the ſecret Fear's of Night,
"To ſcare the treacherous Man.

"Villain, repent! — repent, though late,
"Thy broken Oaths and Vows;
"And give me back my loſt Eſtate,
"Since Shame hath ſtripp'd thy Brows.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"How could you ſwear your Country's love
"Did o'er your Breaſt prevail? ——
"And why did I, old doating Fool!
"Believe the lying Tale?

"Thy Country's Love no more prevails,
"To her thy heart is dead;
"Black are the Cares that whelm thee round,
"Thy Patriotiſm is fled.

"Stafford

" Stafford and Bath, thy Brethren are,
" Bute's Livery thou doſt wear;
" Mackenzie Struts beſide thee now,
" With Pride's preſumptious State."

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

The Cock crow'd thrice, the Morn appear'd,
And chas'd each Midnight Dread;
Yet C***m ſhook with conſcious Guilt,
Then, raving, left his Bed.
He hied him to the vaulted Aile,
Where Pynſent's Carcaſe lay;
And ſtretch'd him o'er the Marble Tomb,
That held his mouldering Clay.
And thrice he call'd on Pynſent dead,
And thrice he ſobb'd full Sore;
Then laid his Crutch beneath his Head,
And Word ſpoke never more.

THE VILLAGE CUR: a Simile. In Anſwer to the aforegoing POLITICAL MAGNET.

*BALDWIN, nor you nor I are wiſe,
Nor ought affirm, but what our Eyes
Convince us is moſt true;
Yet, in the World, we often ſee
Fools, full as great as you or me,
A Different Plan purſue.
Have you ne'er ſeen a Maſtiff bay'd
By Village Curs, as Chance he ſtray'd,
Or idly went along;
With Eyes ſevere, and ſteady Face,
He ſtill preſerves his wonted pace,
Nor heeds the Yelping Throng.

* Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

But

But if ſome Puppy, void of Senſe,
Yet fills that Void with Impudence,
His Heels attempts to Bite;
He turns his Head, and views him o'er,
Lifts up his Leg, exhauſts his Store,
And blinds the Puppy quite.

So poor Kenrick, void of Shame,
On Pitt and Johnſon's mangl'd Fame,
Would gladly raiſe his own,
In Vain; the Writer is rever'd,
The Stateſman will be lov'd and fear'd,
While Puppies die unknown.

Crabb.

On the EARL of CH———M.

REgardleſs of a Factious Roar,
Ch———m the blaſt of Envy braves;
So the Firm Rock on Albion's Shore
Is laſhed unhurt by raging Waves.

A Right Honourable DIALOGUE.

C. To the Earl ſays the Counteſs, what makes you ſo dull?
E. Becauſe for your Ladyſhip I've play'd the Fool.
C. For me do you Say, Sir? your Lordſhip I mean.
E. Aye: Curſe the damn'd Title! tis that gives me Pain.
C. You're no ſenſe of honor, no notions of Glory.
E. Your's are Miſs M——ſhould not rankbefore ye;
But more honor we'd had, and been happier Still,
Had you been plain Madam, and I been plain Will.

An Extempore Answer to the Extempore Commentator upon the C———m *Creed.*

YE Friends of P—t; Ye Friends of B—e,
No need t'upbraid each other;
Of Cheat'em none will hence dispute,
Of Γ——p—le or his Brother:
Yet Priest and Patriot-Craft alike
Each honest heart disdains;
Heaven must discard an Hypocrite?
Hell will augment his Pains?
Mild Heaven ne'er meant our Faith to force,
Beyond our Comprehension,
And Athanasian P—tt of Course
No longer Saint with Pension.

STILL NO BLASPHEMER.

YE Graphists of Grub Street, who scrawl about what
Ye don't care a fig, So 'twill wobble the Pot,
Employ all your Pens on exporting of Corn,
And other Oppression too hard to be borne;
Oh the *Farmers*, their *Landlords* and other *Mill-Stones*
That from *grinding* our Noles, do now *grind* our bones,
Weavers, Taylors and Tinkers, Coblers, *have* at 'em,
'Tis more to the purpose, than chatt'ring of C—at'em.

On a Quondam Commoner.

UNcommon Wisdom, Honesty;
Uncommon dauntless Spirit,
Uncommon try'd fidelity,
And every other Merit;
If as uncommon *now* you are
Be still *yourself* NO COMMONER. F. A.

FINIS.

ADVERTIZEMENT.

THE Favourable Indulgence of the public is requeſted with regard to the following Collection of Pieces, of Political Intelligence Extraordinary, Epigrams, Poetry, &c. on the late Miniſterial Changes. The Compiler takes this Opportunity of declaring himſelf void of partiality to any Party, having endeavoured as far as lay in his Power, to ſelect what occurred to him, worthy of Notice on both Sides of the Queſtion, with regard to my Lord Chatham, and the ſeveral other perſons, who did before, and now do poſſeſs any Places in the Miniſtry.

The reaſon of their being thus publiſhed, took its riſe from ſome of the Friends of the Compiler, having frequently expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing every thing, that related to Miniſterial Affairs of a modern Date, collected together in one Body; ſuch being his Motives, he once more intreats the Public's Protection, eſpecially as he does not preſume to ſet up for a Vender of his own Wit, but Only as a retailer of that of other Perſons.